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# The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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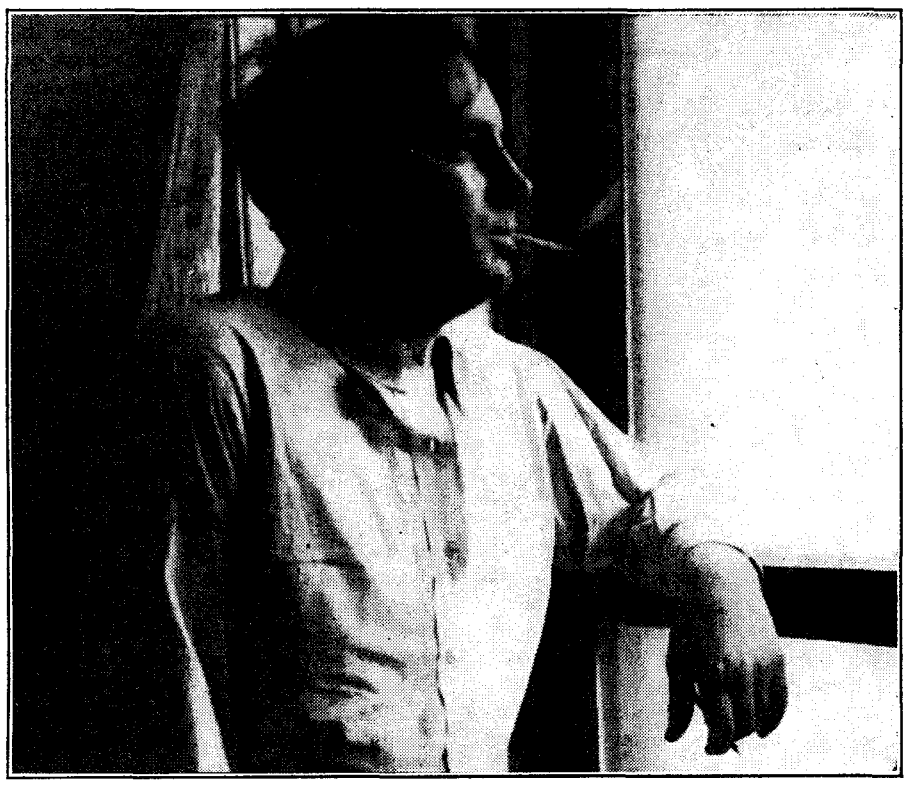

THOMAS WOLFE. *Photographed for* The Saturday Review *by Robert Disraeli*

# Rubbing Out the Black List

*TEN THOUSAND PUBLIC ENEMIES. By Courtney Ryley Cooper. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.* 1935. $3.

Reviewed by AUSTIN H. MACCORMICK

FOR those of us who used to hide our copies of "Nick Carter" in the haymow and sneak out to read them Sunday afternoons, and those others who tear the covers off their copies of *True Detective Stories* so that Junior will not see what Papa is reading, a book has been written at last: Courtney Ryley Cooper's "Ten Thousand Public Enemies." We can read it right out in the open, for it has Federal Sanction. It has a foreword by J. Edgar Hoover, Director of the Division of Investigation in the Department of Justice, and it is based on official reports of the Federal agents who have been so very effectively engaged recently in rubbing out Dillinger, "Baby-Face" Nelson, and numerous other big, bad boys.

The current Cooper makes J. Fenimore's works look like a collection of old wives' tales. His public enemies are so much more wily than the redskin, their trails are so much more devious, they are so much better armed and travel so much faster, that Deerslayer now seems deserving only of the small type in which he was usually set up when I was a boy. A conscientious, hard-working Indian in the course of a full day's work could hardly ever hope to lift more than two or three scalps and traverse ten or twelve miles of brambles. Crime used to bog down in the bushes in those days. Dillinger, on the other hand, "left a hide-out in Florida one day, robbed a bank in Indiana the next afternoon, tucked a wounded comrade away in a hide-out apartment in Chicago the day following, and within twenty-four hours was carousing with his gang in Tucson, Arizona."

This is one of the most thrilling and gripping books I have ever read, and one of the best on crime that has come out in many a year. It is written in the best style of the informed and seasoned reporter who has had opened to him a gold mine of confidential government files heavy in the pay dust that reporters dream of. Mr. Cooper's account of the final gun battle between the Federal agents and Fred Barker's "moist-eyed old hellion of a mother," Ma Barker, is a superlative piece of descriptive reporting. The fact that this "tight lipped old woman of crime and her lawless son" died, machine-guns in their hands, on January 16 of this year, indicates how up to date the book is.

Mr. Cooper has written more than a thriller. His book has the stamp of authenticity, although he obviously fills in the gaps in the official record with conversations and movements that could not have been known to him or to any Federal agent. He has not strained the probabilities, however, when he used his imagination and his conjectures are undoubtedly accurate enough. Mr. Hoover says of Mr. Cooper that "his knowledge of the inner workings of the Division, his personal acquaintanceship with its far-flung personnel, his familiarity with the methods, aims, and purposes are on an equality with that of men who actually form its staff. Behind this lies a quarter of a century of studious interest in the crime problem."

It would be disastrous if a book of this sort were written by anyone who was not

(*Continued on page* 531)

# Honey out of Heaven

By AMANDA BENJAMIN HALL

OH, whyfore, weak and foolish bird,
Upborne on such precarious pinions,
Are you vaingloriously stirred
To perish in the high dominions?

Oh, butterfly, whose wings are cloth
Of gold, loomed in an afternoon,
Why leave your mate to seek the moth
That is none other than the moon?

Oh, whyfore, bee, so grandeur-struck,
And blind to what the rose has given,
Must you mount sunward, mad to suck
Bright honey out of Heaven?

# The River of Youth

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THERE was much laughter when years ago D. H. Lawrence in his "Studies in Classical American Literature" described an Old Indian Devil who was always plaguing the great Americans with sudden flushes of paganism, great resurgences of sex, and obstinate maladjustments between their European souls and their unfenced continent. It is not so funny now, for some devil, Indian, Marxian, or psycho-analytic, has surely been torturing the best American writers of our era. They squirm, they lash, they spit out filth and imprecations, they whine, they defy. They are not at ease in this Zion of our ancestors.

For Thomas Wolfe in his new novel,* "Of Time and the River," the curse is impotence. There is for him a brooding loneliness in the American landscape which drives the man-mass into a nervous activity of hurrying on trains, motors, subways, airplanes, a restlessness which drives the sensitive writer into an agony of frustration because the towns, the cities, the countryside oppress him with unrealized and inexpressible energy. It is a country that grips the imagination and lets the heart go, a country in which humanity mixed and at the boiling point—black Negro flesh, amber Jewish flesh, dark, light, sanguine—is incited by fierce energies toward no end but movement and frustration, a country where life has sacrificed its mass for its force, and the observer can neither hold on or let go of a rush of experience that always seems to have, yet never quite achieves, a meaning.

The impotence of America is an impotence of expression. When in Wolfe's novel Gene Gant's train shrieks through the night on his first journey northward, he feels the enormous push of continental energy and can rise to it only by drunken hysteria. When in the last chapter he takes the ocean liner from France for home, he sees that vast organization of speed and change floating above his tender, and knows that it is America again, clutching at his sensitive spirit. In three hundred years the American soul has not made itself a home.

And hence the strange impulse toward autobiography which has carried so many Americans to the verge of incoherence!—Melville in "Moby Dick" wrestling with transcendental interpretations of his restlessness, or Whitman in the "Song of Myself" blatantly proclaiming his identity with the expansiveness of a continent. They cannot write novels, these rebel Americans, there is nothing stable to write of. They can only proclaim their egoes, in defiance of the inhumanity of a continent which the energy of their race has exploited but to which they are not yet assimilated. Hence an impotence which prevents complete expression, and books which are, as the eighteenth century would have said, far more nature than art.

"Of Time and the River," time being the time of youth, the river that mysterious current of life which flows under the perplexing surface of America, is the epitome, after so many books, of the troublous and disintegrating years of the twenties when Mr. Wolfe was young. And those who wish to get in fullest and most impassioned form the spiritual record of those years, or who would see as in a news-reel the typical scenes of that period as youth saw them, will find, if they are persistent, what they want in this book, which is neither fiction nor autobiography, but both.

For although the scene of Mr. Wolfe's long expected narrative changes from North Carolina to the biting realities and warped romance of New England, from New England to the aloofness of Oxford, from Oxford to the loneliness of an American's France, yet it is a wholly American book, one of the most American books of our time. It is in the direct tradition of those earlier anguished spirits and great seekers on our soil, Thoreau, Melville, Whitman. It is in the tradition, but with a momentous difference for which the break-up of the twenties and Mr. Wolfe's own idiosyncrasies are responsible. Yet if I should wish to know what these twenties meant to an American youth still asking the questions asked by his spiritual ancestors, "Why are we here?", "What does this continent mean to us?", "What are we becoming?" I should go to this book. If I fail to give a clear account of Mr. Wolfe's thousand-page story of how a passion-driven youth tried to tear all knowledge from the Harvard library, all experience from America, all wisdom from Europe, and to pluck out, in his twenties, the secret of the loneliness and the fascination of America, forgive me. Have you ever tried to review the Encyclopedia Britannica?

Mr. Wolfe's odd thousand pages are condensed but not adequately described in the paragraphs above. He calls them fiction, and fiction they are of the kind that he put into "Look Homeward, Angel," but better organized, more poetical where poetical, more sharply realistic when realistic; and they are to be followed by a million words more or less in which the ego which is the raison d'être of them all

* *OF TIME AND THE RIVER. By Thomas Wolfe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1935. $3.

## This Week

ATTACK ON EVEREST
By HUGH RUTLEDGE
*Reviewed by Kermit Roosevelt*

DANTE VIVO
By GIOVANNI PAPINI
*Reviewed by Jefferson B. Fletcher*

FAREWELL TO REVOLUTION
By EVERETT DEAN MARTIN
*Reviewed by Harold Lasswell*

A HISTORY OF NATIONAL SOCIALISM
By KONRAD HEIDEN
*Reviewed by Oswald Garrison Villard*

DUEL ON A HEADLAND
A Portrait of Robinson Jeffers
By NIVEN BUSCH, JR.

THE TIME IS RIPE
By WALTER GREENWOOD
*Reviewed by Elmer Davis*

ACT OF DARKNESS
By JOHN PEALE BISHOP
*Reviewed by Berry Fleming*

BIG MAILS GALORE
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

## Next Week or Later

HOW I WRITE HISTORICAL NOVELS
By NAOMI MITCHISON

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is to conclude the story. But fiction in the strict sense they are not, nor story, nor drama, but rather spiritual autobiography in which the thousand incidents, many of them trivial, and the dozens of characters, many of them extraordinary, have as their excuse for being that a youth met them on his way. Plot there is none. Structure in the ordinary narrative sense, there is none. It is a picaresque novel with the distraught mind of a poet of the twenties as *picaro*, and the incidents adventures in seeking a spiritual home.

To be more precise, this book is a study of American dualism and it is this which gives it poignancy. Leaf through it and you will see as in a moving picture successive moments of prose and poetry. Here are the fleshy people of an intensely actual Carolina, of a literal Boston, and of a photographic France. No reporter could have done them more vividly as news, and indeed Wolfe is a great reporter. No one of them is usual, indeed for such a passionate student of humanity no man or woman could be merely usual; most of them are eccentrics, half mad from pain, or love, or greed, or vanity, or frustration; or wholly lost in what is really fantasy, like Starwick the homosexual, or the pathetic collegiate Weaver, or the gross sensualist Flood who is like some mushroom sprung from, yet alien to, the good earth. And between these flashes of intimate, literal humanity from the man-swarm, the novel leaves the literal entirely and in a poetic prose that owes much to Whitman and a little to Joyce,* but has become Wolfe's own, rises into a chorus of anguish, perplexity, and delight, which chants the loneliness and the impotence and the beauty of this America, and struggles to break through to some solution which will satisfy the seeker, who is the youth Gant, the hero, and the excuse for all this profusion of words.

And linking the two worlds is the decaying but still mighty figure of the Father, the old stone cutter who was the center of "Look Homeward, Angel." Dying (and his death scene is Mr. Wolfe at

continent; and in his cancerous decline, in his frustrated career, and in the immense confusion of his brain, he symbolizes what has happened in a twentieth century in which there seems to be no graspable relation between the prose and the poetry of a continent.

So much for the purpose of this novel. Its achievement is less. With all its richness of detail, its passion, its poetry, and its intense realism of contemporary life, there is an impotence in this book like the impotence Wolfe ascribes to his America.

In America it is an impotence of wandering men at home wherever wheels carry them yet never strong enough to grip the continent and make it serve their happiness. In this America, "so casual and rich and limitless and free," they become arid or lonely or broken, or have got the "new look" of the machine-ridden masses. With Mr. Wolfe the impotence is exactly equivalent. His imagination has provided him with a great theme and his accurate memory flashes infinite exact detail of the life of which he intends to make his book. But he cannot control the theme or reduce his substance to a medium. He will write neither poetry nor prose, but both. He will not be content with the literal autobiographic description of men and events which his journalistic sense supplies so readily but must intersperse with passages of sheer fantasy or poetical uplift. He will stick neither to fiction nor to fact. Hence the reader never enters into that created world of the real novelist which has its own laws, its own atmosphere, its own people, but goes from here to there in Mr. Wolfe's own life, seeing real people as he saw them, and often recognizing them (as with George Pierce Baker in Professor Hatcher, and many others) not as created characters but as literal transcripts from the life. So that the effect is always of being in two worlds at once, fiction and fact, until curiosity takes the place of that ready acceptance of a homogeneous life in the imagination which a fine novel invariably permits. You are forced to read this book as an autobiography with a poetic accompaniment, and for the first five or six hundred pages the personality of the narrator, this passion-driven youth, is too vague, too unimportant to hold suspense, so that it is for the objective realistic incidents that one reads and these change and succeed one another without relation or real consequence, except that one ego experiences them all. Hence a book that is verbose, and which seems much more verbose, much more repetitive than it is. Not until well past its vast middle is the reader caught up and carried on. Before that he reads either a passage of extravagant but vital poetry (drunken poetry in this quotation)—

> *Casey Jones!* Open the throttle, boy, and let her rip! Boys, I'm a belly-busting bastard from the State of old Catawba—a rootin' tootin' shootin' son-of-a-bitch from Saw Toop Gap in Buncombe—why, God help this lovely bastard of a train—it is the best damned train that ever turned a wheel since Casey Jones's father was a pup—why, you sweet bastard, run! Eat up Virginia!

Or he reads a complete realistic episode in which the Pentlands snigger "k, k, k, k, k," pull at their cleft chins, smoulder with their hidden fires. Or an aggressive Jew boy pulls out the stopper of young Gant's wrath, and makes a friend for life. Or an attempted seduction. Or a satire on silly young Harvard intellectuals poohing and pahing and saying "Ace" for "Yes." Immense power, immense variety, little control, less continuity, and an almost complete failure to make this true epic of longing youth in a lonely, disintegrated America either drama, fiction, poetry, satire, any *one* thing, *one* medium of expression, into which the imagination of the reader can enter and stay, for more than twenty pages, at home.

I think that this novel, like many other fiery and ambitious American books—like Melville's "Pierre," like many of Whitman's poems, like the now forgotten romantic-philosophic extravaganzas so common in the magazines of a century ago—is an artistic failure. And Mr. Wolfe's books, as wholes, will continue to be artistic failures until he finds and controls a medium in which the ego is sublimated into an imagination less involved in the immediate circumstances of his life. Yet it is an important book, and Mr. Wolfe is an important writer. He has more material, more vitality, more originality, more gusto than any two contemporary British novelists put together, even though they may be real novelists and he is not. He stands to them as Whitman stood to the wearied "Idylls of the King." And he entirely escapes the sordid, whining defeatism of so many of his American contemporaries. I am not fool enough to try to teach him how to write. No one can do that. He can write like his own angel now, he can make speech that is a new speech in fiction and yet unmistakably authentic, he can strike off flashing pictures.

> In waning light, in faint shadows, far far away in a great city of the north, the 40,000 small empetalled faces bend forward breathless, waiting—single and strange and beautiful as all life, all living, and man's destiny. There's a man on base, the last flash of the great right arm, the crack of the bat, the streaking white of a clean-hit ball, the wild, sudden, solid roar, a pair of flashing legs have crossed the rubber, and the game is over!

But he has not yet made his book. He has poured out his heart into a mould, over a mould, spilling through a thousand pages. He has tried to be philosopher, poet, journalist-observer, satirist, story teller, historian, and dreamer, not all at once which is quite possible, but one after the other, which cannot be done in a book, which, like a man, no matter how complex, should be integrated, harmonious, homogeneous, and unmistakably not many but one.

* Joyce was the favorite novelist of Gene Gant, and this novel has been more influenced by "Ulysses" than by any other recent book.

# High Adventure

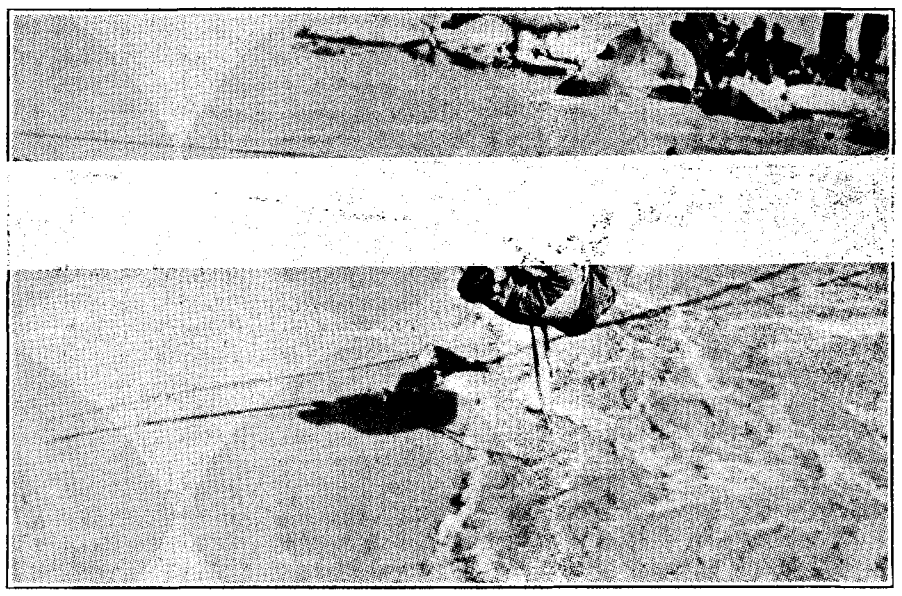
*ATTACK ON EVEREST. By Hugh Rutledge. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.* 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by KERMIT ROOSEVELT

THERE is unquestionably a definite and legitimate thrill in traversing country which has hitherto been a closed book to the white race. Ascending unknown rivers, climbing unknown mountains, and visiting unknown depths have a fascination for almost anyone of us. The call of Mt. Everest must therefore be supreme. Vague rumors to the contrary notwithstanding, we must regard it as the highest mountain in the world. The fact that aviators have flown to greater heights, and on a recent expedition flew over Mt. Everest itself, cannot detract from the achievement of him who will first scale its peak.

It is interesting to realize that to date inventions have not proven of much avail in accomplishing this feat. The old elemental characteristics that will bring about success seem to remain the same. First and foremost among the requirements are courage and cool-headedness and intelligence. It goes without saying that special physical qualities are a requisite, but even given these qualities there are a multitude of other requirements. Plans must be meticulously made and the character of the country itself and of its inhabitants must be thoroughly understood.

There have been a number of well considered and planned attempts to scale Everest. Up to date none has been successful, but all have been a credit to those who have participated in them. Mr. Rutledge here gives the account of the last attempt together with an interesting and useful resumé of previous expeditions. It is a vivid description of his valiant attempt to reach the summit of the highest mountain in the world. The work owes one very evident debt to science and that lies in the accompanying photographs. Without exception they are excellent. In addition to those taken on the expedition described, there is an extremely interesting telephoto which Captain Noel made in 1924 showing the northern face of Mt. Everest with the different camps. At the close of the volume there is a three dimensional photograph taken by telephoto from the base camp.



CROSSING A TIBETAN TORRENT BY THE NATIVE METHOD
*From "Attack on Everest."*

# Papini's Dante

*DANTE VIVO. By Giovanni Papini. Translated by Eleanor Hammond Broadus and Anna Benedetti. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 1935. $3.

Reviewed by JEFFERSON B. FLETCHER

THIS is a readable and irritating book. At the start, its author ungraciously dismisses all writers about Dante, past and present. The most eminent scholar—a Michele Barbi—is useful as "the workman who sifts the sand and mixes the mortar . . . but God forbid that he should pass judgment on the architect." In general, "professional Dantists, Dantologists, and Dantomaniacs . . . are ants around a lion." In modern Italy two poets and two philosophers have contributed a little—a very little. But one of these—Croce—is "by temperament incapable of understanding a work of art." Another—Gentile—has the "merit of reaffirming the lasting religious significance of the 'Commedia.'" Other people have suspected such a significance.

The field then would seem to be wide open. By no means. "For a full understanding of Dante, one must be a Catholic, an artist, and a Florentine." Signor Papini is a Florentine, and—after some permutations—a Catholic. He admits being an artist, a poet.

If from this threefold providential guidance one looks for something novel and significant in the criticism, one will be, I think, disappointed. What is good in the book—and there is much that is good—is come at by methods not visibly different from those of a scholar like Barbi. Indeed, he is more than once appealed to in need. What is bad in the book—the inaccurate and disproportioned and inflated—is generally due to lack of scholarly knowledge and restraint.

Perhaps Papini's nearest approach to novelty is in his stressing of Dante's weaknesses. We knew about them from Dante himself, and may readily agree that Beatrice's lover "was not much of a saint."

venting—strange counts against the one he is fond of calling the Divine. He says Dante was half pagan at heart: Dante "cites Cicero as on an equality with the Gospel" (*where?* in heaven's name!), and presents Cato and other pagans as saved. As to this last, the Catholic in Papini might look up St. Thomas's doctrine of "invincible ignorance," of which Cato and Rhipeus are possible beneficiaries. Also, the "Commedia" is an allegorical *fiction*. Papini scents "odor of sacrilege" in "the deification of Beatrice" and in certain other symbolic practices of the medieval poet. I cannot instruct Signor Papini upon the symbolic methods—and licenses—of the Fathers from St. Augustine on, but he might find it profitable to look into them. Because Dante had said that "most men live according to their senses and not according to reason, after the manner of children," he is accused of holding children—contrary to the Gospel—in contempt. He does so, but only as St. Paul, saying "When I became a man, I put away childish things." There is a distinction between the childish and the childlike. Again, we are told that "Dante was a sensual man." We had had Boccaccio's word for it. But Papini would prove it by the book. He counts twelve women in Dante's life. On second thought, he subtracts six of these, but declares firmly, "there remain always six. For an austere moralist six are a few too many." But may not the "austere moralist" take into account that one of these six was the poet's lawful wife, one the Beatrice of his chaste dream, and the other four only names to us? They may have been carnal mistresses. They may have been lady-patrons or even allegories. Without evidence, Papini says of a poem to one of them, "La Pietra": "In this instance the singer of the angelic Beatrice appears as a frustrated faun who whines with unsatisfied desire in 'the hot ravine.'" The phrase is good, but in view of it he is perhaps indiscreet to bring himself to the notice of Dante in heaven, as he does in the last chapter.

Space forbids listing further items of

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similar kind. But in justice to that luckless tribe of "enigmatographers, erudite or fanciful, who wish above all to display their own learning and skill in revealing the mysteries buried in the poet's work," I must cite Papini's solution of the deepest mystery of all—the identity of the Veltro. Papini identifies him with the Holy Spirit, who, according to the prophetic Joachim of Flora, will establish a Third Kingdom after those of the Father and the Son. This identification, whatever it amount to, is not Papini's own. But he offers a bit of evidence "not yet observed." Joachim's prophetic books, he says, were commonly known as *Vangel Eterno,* and in these words "are concealed, in their proper order, the six letters which form the word Veltro: 'VangEL eTeRnO.' *Ecco l'altissimo enigmatografico!*"

Very likely its very defects will help the popularity of this book in English. It is aggressive, confident, picturesque, eloquent. What else matters to the general reader? The translation is excellent. I have noted but one small slip. "The last age of the century" should be "the last age of the world."

A. W. SMITH

*Readers of* The Saturday Review *will remember the discussion started by Mr. Smith's letter in* 1933 *pointing out parallels between "Anthony Adverse" and Canot's "Memoirs of an African Slaver."*

# Bored by the War

*A CAPTAIN DEPARTED. By A. W. Smith. New Haven: Yale University Press.* 1935. $2.50.

ONE of A. W. Smith's first memories was of a Russian officer in full uniform, calling on his father, the then British Consul General in Odessa. From childhood on, Mr. Smith associated with men in uniforms, and wore one himself most of the time. Although he does not say so, he must have been an officer of considerable ability, for he held a number of responsible positions, first in France during the war, then in Russia when Denikin was active against the Bolsheviks, and finally in India.

In his autobiography, Mr. Smith tells of his various adventures, some heroic, some merely funny, some not worthy of much respect. They are readable adventures, set against a well-constructed background of war and rumors of war. The pictures of the Great War, while no better than some others, are good; and the pictures of the absurd performance in Russia are something new. But what makes Mr. Smith's book especially interesting is his attitude towards himself, his career, and his associates.

For in "A Captain Departed" we see the life of the soldier, officer and favorite though he be, as something unusually dull. It is a tedious, pointless, artificial existence, sometimes enlivened by a row of some sort or other, but on the whole a pretty poor form of living. For Mr. Smith, at any rate, the life of an officer got to be intolerable, not because it was devoted to butchery or heroism or display of power, but because it was a bore.

Mr. Smith never says as much as this. His style of narration is restrained, without personal comment or criticism. Nevertheless, in his essentially human and civilized account of what is not worth doing, he has succeeded in making the soldier's life seem not merely brutal, not merely destructive, but insufferably tiresome.

# The Overtures to Disillusionment

*FAREWELL TO REVOLUTION. By Everett Dean Martin. New York: W. W. Norton & Co.* 1935. $3.

Reviewed by HAROLD D. LASSWELL

THE arresting title of this book arouses keen anticipation. Will the author show that mob violence is out of date when modern governments are equipped with recent weapons? Will he probe the causes of past revolution and show how to avoid them in the future?

Modern political analysis has quite properly put the study of revolution in the foreground. Marx and Engels saw that there was much to justify the view that politics moves from one world revolution to the next. Sound analysis in the nineteenth century would have located the thinker with reference to the revolutionary wave which began in France and the one which was to break through in Russia. Does Mr. Martin argue that world revolutions are at an end, and that we need no longer worry about our position with reference to the center of origin of the last one and the center of origin of the next one? Hence "Farewell" to revolution?

It very quickly appears that "Farewell" is intended to speed the guest to depart rather than to speed the departing guest. Mr. Martin does not contend that revolutions have ceased. He believes that we are at the end of one of several cycles of revolution, but he does not deny that new cycles may be in prospect. His chief thesis is that revolutions ought to be abandoned. He declares that they are inherently futile, any time, anywhere. Hence the title is a piece of wishful declamation. The true meaning is not wholly unlike the popular song which runs, "I wish you wuz dead, you rascal you!"

In what does the futility of revolution consist? Mr. Martin finds that revolutions do not benefit the people as a whole. They are dangerous and tragic interludes in the spread of graceful manners, rigorous thought, tested knowledge, and kindly helpfulness. They are mass psychoses in which an impassioned juggernaut annihilates every cultural value lying in the road. They are catastrophic self-deceptions which are the overtures to disillusionment. This central thesis is embellished with running summaries of ten revolutions chosen from classical antiquity, medieval Europe, and modern Europe.

It is not profitable to discuss this book as a contribution to the scientific knowledge of revolution. There is far too little of the spirit of "how far, and to what extent?" If not the whole people, have more people of different social origins risen to power in revolution? Eugen Rosenstock has rather convincingly shown that each successive wave of revolution in modern Europe has broadened the basis of power.

How does this volume rate as propaganda? Mr. Martin, a liberal publicist, wants to diminish the probability of revolution by demonstrating its futility, hoping that if the thesis of futility is hammered home to the populace the chances of revolution will be reduced.

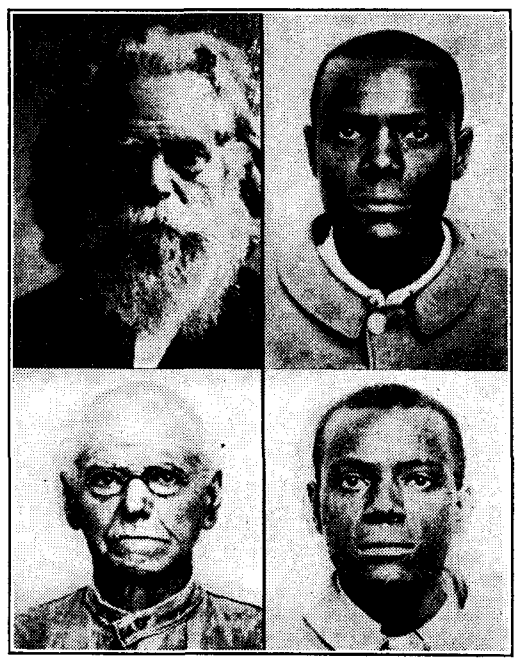
There is no doubt that this book can be used to expostulate with audiences inclined toward revolutionary romanticism. The nature of this species of romanticism is well and often stated, and the case histories provide a ready fund of anecdote. But when are the masses disposed to vast exaggerations of future felicity? To what extent can they be restrained by declamation?

From the standpoint of the clinical psychology of which Mr. Martin makes effective though pedestrian use, distortions of reality are symptoms of inner distress. This inner distress is the outcome of rebuffs from the surrounding world which have precipitated failures of integrations which have in turn called out more serious rebuffs from the environment. It is not supposed to be sound therapy to argue with patients about the veracity of their delusions, but it is clear that much preventive work can be done by removing kinks in social reality, and by affording scope for confidence that everyday life is part of a hopeful and important enterprise.

American civilization is in a serious predicament because its routines of institutional life inflict disasters upon millions of its own people. These self-destructive operations of a faulty institutional order must be set right if smashes are to be avoided. This requires sound suggestions and vigorous propaganda on behalf of specific action.

In trying times, one result of preaching against violence is to focus attention upon violence, and a book like this may do some disservice to the cause which it hopes to further. The admirable talents of the author might better have been directed toward popularizing symbols which lead toward prompt and relevant social reconstruction. The only hope of liberal statesmanship is timely statesmanship. Anything less is suicidal.

*Harold D. Lasswell is a member of the department of political science at the University of Chicago and author of "Propaganda Technique in the World War" and "Psychopathology and Politics."*



SAME MAN TWO DIFFERENT MEN

*From "Ten Thousand Public Enemies"*

## Rubbing Out the Black List

*(Continued from first page)*

informed and serious and careful. Not only is it a source-book on crime, but it is bound to color the opinions of its readers very vividly. There is grave danger today that the public will think that violent crime is the whole problem, that we can machine-gun crime out of existence, that it can be controlled only by our armed forces, when in reality it is only our social forces that will ever bring about a substantial reduction of crime.

The task of culling out the material for this book must have been tremendous. I well remember the closely typed sheets of agents' reports that used to go over my desk daily in the Department of Justice after the escapes of Frank Nash, Holden, and Keating from Leavenworth. They were the meticulous record of detective work of the most painstaking as well as the most dramatic type: thousands of telephone calls traced, hang-outs and hide-aways shadowed, "gun-molls" covered for months on end, lone fingerprints picked up on beer bottles and identified, guns traced through a score of shady dealers, airplane trips to distant points, ambushes laid and traps sprung—all the elements of melodrama in cold, single-spaced typewriting. When I had finished Mr. Cooper's book I was more than ever full of admiration for the new crop of Department of Justice agents, who so often look like junior members of conservative law or accounting firms and who shoot, on occasion, like marines. If only every law-enforcement agency were like them!

*Austin H. MacCormick is Commissioner of Correction of New York City.*

# The Rise of the Nazis

*A HISTORY OF NATIONAL SOCIALISM. By Konrad Heiden. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.* 1935. $4.50.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

HERR HEIDEN'S much heralded history of the rise of the Nazi movement contains a great deal of valuable material. It is, however, much sinned against in the translation, and suffers still more from the fact that it was not up-to-date when printed—save for an excellent final chapter summarizing the events of June 30, 1934. It is disconcerting to pick up a book published at the end of last year and to read in it that Hindenburg's decease "is bound to come," and to find General von Schleicher, Captain Röhm, and others treated as if they were still alive—up to the last chapter. The book, it appears, was written at the time of the Reichstag fire trial. The translation is really inexcusable. Of this a single example must suffice. Thus we learn that: "Passionately and almost masochistically as Brüning enveloped himself in his unpopularity and doled out bitter medicine to the nation, he did not manage to bring about any change in the crisis." In many places the author's thought is beclouded by words and weakened by obvious contradictions. Again there are many places where dates are given without the year, so that one must guess what March or May it was, and the lack of an adequate index decreases the value of the book as a reference work. Finally, there is a lack of order and consecutive development of the story which further weakens the whole.

None the less, as has been said, the book is a storehouse of valuable material, and Herr Heiden's interpretations and characterizations of the leading figures in the German tragedy are of lasting value, though they must have led to his exile from Germany if he had not left before their original publication. He portrays correctly the absolute insincerity and falsity of the *Führer,* proves that his promises are no better than "a dicer's oath," that he has no solid intellectual foundation for his rise, and therefore "no longer discusses anything but gives battle." He shows that Hitler knew perfectly well what Röhm's character and perversity were long before he killed him—as everyone else did; but the author considers Hitler as a mob-leader "unrivalled today and almost unequalled in history." Hitler's "own peculiar achievement" Herr Heiden feels to be "an outstanding clever political leadership. The most singular characteristic of this leadership is the fact that he deliberately chose the longest and most difficult road to power."

As to the future? Herr Heiden is certain that "no sacrifice of conscientious scruples and no act of desperation will prevent the fall of the present Nazi rule." He thinks that a movement must already be in existence that is preparing to take over the government on the day that National Socialism collapses, although he admits that most opposition to Hitler is estopped by the belief that if Hitler falls there will be "chaos and the downfall of Germany itself." Curiously enough, in the light of the latest news, Herr Heiden feels that Hitler is not the prisoner of the Reichswehr and that the Storm Troops, "S. A.," have "become a much more useful and better weapon in the hands of the dictator." Now we know that the "S. A." is gradually being completely mustered out and that even the "S. S.," the Praetorian black shirts, are being rapidly decreased in numbers, except for the innermost bodyguard of the dictator.

Finally, Herr Heiden goes so far as to say: "If Hitler were to give the German nation a fortnight's freedom of the press and then a really free election with opposition candidates, he and all the world would soon see where the real sympathies of the German people lie." A pious wish! It is, of course, that of enlightened humanity everywhere. But no dictator yields power voluntarily and, as a matter of fact, the German people are still so misled and blind that a plebiscite, if held today in complete freedom, would still show an overwhelming majority for one of the greatest political charlatans.

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HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Associate Editor*
GEORGE STEVENS....*Managing Editor*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY, WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT } *Contributing Editors*

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## On Circulating Libraries

Circulating libraries have supplied a good deal of fun for the intellectuals, who seem to think that the woman trotting down the street for her daily book, instead of buying, borrowing, or stealing it, is irresistibly amusing. And indeed neither publishers nor authors seem to have made up their minds as to whether the circulating library is a blessing or a menace.

With very little knowledge of the profits or the limitations of these book hotels where reading may be rented by the day or week, we nevertheless firmly believe that they are here to stay and that they should be encouraged by every one interested in good reading, and especially when they distribute non-fiction. If there is a fault in the circulating library it is that there are not enough of them and that they have developed only one side of their business—the traffic in light fiction and best sellers.

If you are a reader with fairly broad interests—if you wish to know what sound writers say about the problems of adolescence, if you are not content with magazine articles on Hitler's Germany, if you wish to follow in book length the debate over our economic revolution, if you like books on Abyssinia, or Central Asia, if you wish the correspondent's last word on his world experiences (as in Sheean's "Personal History") instead of his hasty reports to the papers, if you are curious about proletarian novels, books of poetry, published plays, definitive biographies of the great—then look over the publishers' catalogues and see how fully your demands are being met. But you have to consider the price. And this, however fair it may be for a single book, will presumably be too great for all the books you wish to read, too much perhaps for part of them, too much, it may be, if you are the average American reader with his nose just above the sinking waters of the depression, for any except the one or two books of permanent value which you may buy for your library.

And there is a population in this country of such readers with such interests which in size is all out of proportion to the number of books in non-fiction sold in this country. Can they get their books at the public libraries? Decidedly no. The public libraries, struggling with cuts in income, have been and are unable to keep up with the flood of topical, timely books, which never were more numerous. If they can buy them at all, the reader must wait his turn, which may come after his impulse to read has been exhausted.

Renting is the answer. But rental must become a habit, and the habit must be encouraged by ease of access, by advertisement, by rates as reasonable as they can be made. If a $3.00 book, non-fiction, on a timely subject which will not be timely in three months, could be made as easily accessible as detective stories or best-selling romances, our guess is that its sales to individual buyers would not be cut down by more than ten to twenty per cent, if so much; that its sale to circulating libraries might easily take care of this drop and add a quick sale of ten to twenty per cent more; that the number of its readers (and this is important for the author's future as well as for the spread of sound literature) might be tripled.

If any one doubts these admittedly guess-work statistics, let him follow the career of a good book in non-fiction, which has been well reviewed, is generally interesting but not sensational, and which has not been chosen by one of the book clubs. He will be amazed to discover, first, how small in relation to the publicity given to the book are its total sales; and second, with what extraordinary persistence would-be readers will look high, look low, until they succeed in borrowing a copy. It is our guess that such a book, selling, say, 5,000 copies, is often read within the year of its publication, by 20,000 borrowers. Why not teach them to rent, why not have that wide selection of books that would induce them to rent, and let them get the timely book in the month of its publication instead of waiting until an uncle, a cousin, a guest, and three friends have had their crack at the copy John bought? In other words, encourage, develop, elevate, and broaden the circulating libraries.

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WE WANT TIME BASIS NO MORE PIECE WORK
Lloyd

NEW YORK REVIEWERS PICKET PUBLISHERS OF THOMAS WOLFE'S NEW 500,000 WORD NOVEL, "OF TIME AND THE RIVER."

# Letters to the Editor: *Henry Williamson on "Winged Victory"*

### "Wingless Victor"

SIR:—I want to thank you for the splendid mention you gave my friend Yeates's book "Winged Victory," and to congratulate you on having such a perceptive and truthful reviewer as Mr. Ben Ray Redman. I am convinced that in the recent death of "Wingless Victor"—as Yeates signed himself in letters to me while he was getting feebler and feebler in hospital with tuberculosis—a potentially great writer has been lost to the literature of our common tongue. The sense of actuality and the power of calm creation, or re-creation, of old scenes and actions in ancient sunlight, and above all his poise and just sense of character—well, I don't know anybody writing today to equal him. Except perhaps "T. E. Lawrence," whose Collected Letters one day will stand as another masterpiece beside his "Seven Pillars of Wisdom."

I feel the sense of loss so deeply because Victor Yeates was hoping that the success of "Winged Victory" would enable him to go away from the foggy London district where he lived in poverty, and so perhaps live a few more years in the sunlight. But his book did not sell at first. Even the London publishers, scared of its length and repeating whenever I saw them, the phrase, "too long," advertised it to the British public as "not a novel." Heavens, it is one of the great novels of our time!

Yeates reminded me of Keats. He was just thirty-seven when he died, but his face was as young as a hazel catkin, and whenever I went to see him I always left feeling the reality of Matthew Arnold's phrase, "sweetness and light." He was the most unsentimental man I know, hard-minded, tender-hearted. I knew him as a boy, for we were at school together.

"T. E. Lawrence" was deeply impressed by the book and wrote when Yeates died just before last Christmas that although he had not known Yeates he felt his death as a personal loss. Before this he wrote that he had "read the book during seven nights: an imperishable pleasure."

Yeates left behind a widow and four children and less than £20; but I shall never forget how Harrison Smith, when I was in New York a year ago, accepted the book without seeing it on my recommendation and paid Yeates immediately a sum of money that enabled him to feel a sense of security for several months.

Because Mr. Redman's review in *The Saturday Review of Literature* so cheered Yeates in his last days, and Hal Smith's magnanimity and trust helped to prolong his life, I feel it is only just that I should write and tell you these things on behalf of my friend.

HENRY WILLIAMSON.
Shallowford, Filleigh,
North Devon, England.

### Among the Slicks

SIR:—Mr. Benét's article, "Among the Slicks," was a swell piece of work and me and him not being in the same line of business, I can tell him so though one almost gets afraid of outbursts of enthusiasm in this day and age of you tickle me and I tickle you.

All the same and nevertheless I sometimes wonder whether the policy of ignoring the entire new set-up of this world by those magazines which are going to have this a grand and glorious world regardless of the final consequences, will not work out into a vast explosion. I entirely agree with Mr. Benét about the proletarian piffle, but God help us, the others are incredible in their dumb refusal to recognize facts.

I am sorry the author did not mention the terrible pictures of the standard magazines. Their artists can draw (as many of their writers can write) damnably well, but they have got to do everything in a sloppy benday which bears the same relation to good art as dishes, corrupted by Wooshter sauce, bear to good cooking.

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.
Riverside, Conn.

### "Wump"

Sir:—"Wump" is a gift of great value, and in trifling requital I humbly offer an unnamed pastime which a bookish family has long enjoyed. Distribute paper and pencil, select a simple common noun—heart, rose, man, land—note the time, and see how many quotations you can recall and set down in, say, five minutes, containing the chosen word.

ELISE R. NOYES.
Stamford Bookstore, Stamford, Conn.

### Another Wump Companion

SIR:—Those *Saturday Review* readers who welcomed "Wump" to their repertory may find of interest another bookish game (called variously "Pun my word," "Authors and Titles," or, among us, chiefly "Our Game"), which was born hilariously, accidentally, and precipitately one winter afternoon in Boston.

One person (the "it" of tradition) presents a title; thus: "The Man Who was Afraid at Christmas." Questions follow, in the order of the members of the group. "Is it a novel?" "No." "A poem?" "No." "Autobiography?" "No." "Drama?" "Yes." Whereby it is established that the author is a playwright. Questions continue. "Female?" "No." "American?" "No." "English?" "Yes." "Dead?" "No." "Young?" "Yes." And any other questions pertinent or necessary until some soul sees the light and shrieks: "*Noel Coward!*" Check: 10 points. In case of vision instantaneous, with no intervening questions, the allowance is 20 points.

The game is pleasantest when played informally, introduced at dull moments among familiars, and allowed to run and ramble through an evening, or even through a week, with no point-keeping. We employ the facetious, "Hot Policeman" and "Cold Policeman": Bobby Burns and Bobby Frost; the inane, "The Crazy Plaid (A Tale of the Steppes)"; Chekov; the esoteric, "*Venite Adoremus*": O'Neill; the patent, "The Teetotaler": Drinkwater. We range from "The Metaphysical Wonder" (Marvel) and "Babe at Breast" (Suckling) to "Brighter than Thou" (Whittier) and "Three Cottages" (Holmes). . . .

It's ever so much fun.

SYLVIA BERKMAN.
Brookline, Mass.

### Herodotus and Lice

SIR:—Mr. Haldane deserves the hecatombs of at least one reader for thrusting him on to a bilious, ironic book, which reads itself at one sitting. But in catching Dr. Zinsser out, Prof. Haldane has himself been found napping at the historical louse-switch. Herodotus does *not* attribute *phtheirophagy* to the Boudini, nor does he even use the compound word in the one passage where he describes a variant on this engaging habit (IV. 168). The section to which Prof. Haldane points (IV. 109) was thus misinterpreted by Rawlinson, Baehr, and other scholars of an older generation, but is now taken to mean: "they eat fir-cones." After all the question in this passage regards a steady diet, not occasional repasts. And the word is "phtheirotrageousi." As an ex-policeman (military) I yield to no one in my respect, if not affection, for lice. But honor to louse-martyrs where honor is due, and there alone. The exact word "phtheirophagoi" is used by the Augustan geographer, Strabo (XI. 2. 19), who says a certain tribe was called by this name because of their squalor and filthiness.

F. A. SPENCER.
New York City.

### Science In Civilization

SIR:—Congratulations on Mr. Northrop's article on Newton! If possible, there should be more of such analyses of the place of science in modern civilization. . . .

In my teaching of English to engineering students, I see constantly how much such analysis and enlightenment is needed.

P. B. McDONALD.
New York University
New York City.

*The Saturday Review* recommends

This Group of Current Books:

OF TIME AND THE RIVER. By THOMAS WOLFE. *Scribners.* A monumental novel depicting the youth of a creative artist.

TEN THOUSAND PUBLIC ENEMIES. By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER. *Little, Brown.* An inside account of the methods of the Federal authorities in stamping out crime.

THE ENGLAND OF CHARLES II. By ARTHUR BRYANT. *Longmans, Green.* Annals of a colorful period.

This Less Recent Book:

MARIE ANTOINETTE. By STEFAN ZWEIG. The biography of an ill-fated queen.

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# Duel on a Headland

## A PORTRAIT OF ROBINSON JEFFERS BY NIVEN BUSCH, JR.

POETS rate so little attention nowadays that it is startling to find one who gets more than he wants. I was definitely impressed when I discovered that people from the Hotel Del Monte are in the habit of driving along the shore road past Robinson Jeffers's house in Carmel, trying to get a look at him working his land with a pick and shovel or dragging rocks up from the beach. Carmel, of course, is an art colony, and among its residents Jeffers is aureoled in the respectful glow which art colonies always lend to big literary reputations, but the Hotel Del Monte is over in Monterey and it is not the sort of place that is frequented by admirers of current poets. It seemed a tribute to his reputation that these people should consider him worth exploring.

Aside from the artistic residents of Carmel and the gilded, transient idlers at the hotel, there is another caste which knows him much better but takes no interest in him at all: the local tradesmen who have supplied his family's wants for twenty years and those others, the inlanders, farmers, and half-literate settlers on meagre coastal ranches from whom he

ROBINSON JEFFERS AND HIS TWO SONS AT TOR HOUSE

has gathered the folk-lore that went into his poems. I don't mean to imply that Jeffers makes friends with the country folk. Such contact would give him the jitters; but occasionally their awareness of the solitary, abstracted man who hikes across their lands has been stirred by references to themselves in the poet's output. Jeffers has a habit of calling places by their real names and describing them as they are, a trick which hasn't always had happy results, as in the case of the man on whose ranch he installed the incestuous Cauldwell family. Hearing that his residence had been immortalized in verse, the householder asked questions until he had received a colloquial outline of the plot of "Tamar." He felt rather bitterly about it. "That's the hell of a thing to write about a fellow's ranch."

Undoubtedly the high-colored elements which shocked the rancher and pleased the literati, and which have been repeated with some variations in all of Jeffers's longer poems, have helped his fame along, but it would be absurd to say they have been responsible for it. I am not going to try to analyze his verse; it seems easier, even at the risk of being crude, to lay out his reputation in the terms of dollars and cents. In eight years, without being suppressed or winning the Pulitzer Prize, and without even being known except to a specialized audience, he has achieved a success so formidable that manuscripts and early editions of his books bring higher prices than those of any other living writer of verse. Collectors have paid as much as $1,500 for MSS. of his poems, and the first edition of "Tamar," which cost $500 for an edition of a thousand copies when Jeffers paid to have it published by an obscure New York jobber named Peter Boyle, is now quoted at fifty dollars a copy. "Flagons and Apples," his first book, published for $350 at the poet's expense in Los Angeles in 1912, was last quoted at $75 a copy. Circulation of his later books—and circulation is a word that seldom applies to a book of poetry—similarly testifies to his prestige. Although he has never written anything designed for a restful afternoon in a hammock, he has not, in the last nine years, written anything which sold less than six editions, and "Tamar" has zoomed through fourteen, and this month receives the accolade of inclusion in the Modern Library.

"Who's Who" took its first notice of Jeffers in 1918, when it published the information that he had been born in Pittsburgh in 1887, attended Occidental College, Southern California, and the University of Zurich; that he was a Sigma Chi brother and the author of a book called "Californians." To these facts we might add that at the age of twenty-five, when he decided to be a writer in earnest, he had never held a regular job or done any writing except some poetry for college papers and one story for *Smart Set*. During all his varied college experiments except Occidental, where he took a B.A., he specialized in science. Biology, astronomy, medicine, forestry were his favorite subjects. At the time he set himself to master his chosen trade, he probably brought to it a better grasp of the scientific knowledge of our time than any other contemporary writer of verse.

What made it possible for him to write was inheriting a legacy, one of those bequests which are so small in actuality, and so tremendous in their effect, not enough to make a man rich, but enough to make him independent for life. His benefactor was a distant cousin, a Pittsburgh banker.

Jeffers got married on his legacy. He and his wife planned to live in England but the war made this seem a bad idea. Somebody told them about Carmel and they went down to look it over. Jeffers says that as soon as he saw it he knew it was where he was always going to live. He bought some land and began to build a house. Working with a master mason, he built it with his own hands out of rocks which he dragged up from the beach. It is the house he lives in still. It stands on a small Pacific headland, squat and overbuilt as a fortress, wearing the inevitable air of the home-made and clinging tight to the earth with its chunky tower, as though pressed down by the weight of the sky above it. It took Jeffers a year to finish the living room; he moved in, and started on the dining room. That took him two years more. Any contractor could have done it all in a few weeks pretty cheap, but Jeffers would not have bought the work even if he could have afforded to; doing it himself was a rite, a dedication. When he is working with stone he feels that he is identifying himself with those forces of nature which are the only manifestations of our life upon this earth for which he has any respect.

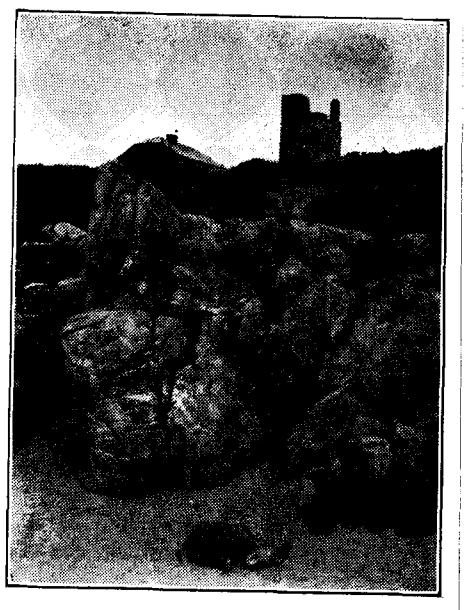
That house offers a more personal explanation of Jeffers than any of his poetry. He built it as if it were to be his memorial, working to despite an antagonist whose power has obsessed him since boyhood and whom he has elected to defy as violently and relentlessly as if he were a knightly champion standing forth in single combat in behalf of the whole race of man. Time itself is his opponent, the spectre of mortality, enormous in black armor, towering at a sword's salute to face him on the tiderocks of that bleak beach.

Like all events which have no existence except in pathology, theirs is a contest incredibly melodramatic. The battle against time has become as much of an obsession with Jeffers as the celebration of perishable flesh was an obsession with D. H. Lawrence. It is responsible, I think, for that strange preoccupation with incest which informs all Jeffers's work. The explanation may sound complicated, but one way of putting it is this: Jeffers feels that since time is the conqueror, human life has no dignity except in reconciliation with death. A sound foundation in Greek drama brought him to incest as a satisfactory image for his obsession, the symbolic perdition, sin of classic tragedy made fateful by the genetic fact that in incest procreation is itself a form of destruction, ending in sterility.

Detailed analysis of Jeffers's sonorous and macabre philosophy has no place in this piece, and I leave it with some relief to the young men—fifty-three of them last year in major American universities—who like to prepare theses on him for their Arts degrees. I can't imagine anything that would make a duller thesis, but I believe it would be possible to take a quotation from every page of his poetry revealing his prolonged duello against time in his effort to disown kinship with man, who must die, and to identify himself with his favorite images, the rocks, the tides, the constellations, with everything, in short, which will last forever. So intense is his obsession that one almost suspects it of being powerful enough to bring about the result he desires; it has molded his personality almost as much as his work, and even his appearance has felt its influence. Through twenty years of exposure to anapestics and the weather, Jeffers has taken on the look of someone created out of California granite.

Jeffers is forty-seven years old and a little over six feet tall. He weighs 167 pounds and is unusually handsome. His aquiline features and high cheekbones and the shape of his head give him that superficial resemblance to the American Indian which is fairly common in people of Scotch-Irish stock and the resemblance is carried out in the expression of patience and watchfulness characteristic of his rather wasted face. His eyes are long and narrow and their pupils are clouded. His hands are enlarged by manual work. In manner he is observant, self-conscious, and gentle; he chooses his words carefully; he doesn't like to talk much.

Most writers who fall into an anti-social way of living or thinking do so, I believe, because nature has not qualified them to be successful if they met the world on its own terms. Jeffers is interesting because this is not true of him. Mentally and physically he has always been fitted to excel at anything he tried to do, yet he is the type whom you could never, by any stretch of the imagination, picture as anything but a writer. He has no hobbies and no subordinate interests; his work is a complete summation of his life, yet here is another contradiction: once he has finished a poem he takes little interest in it. He has never read a review of his work and if his wife hadn't established herself as his business manager he might never



TOR HOUSE AND HAWK TOWER FROM THE SHORE. *Photo by Edward Weston.*

have published at all. He lost the manuscript of "Flagons and Apples" in a sailors' bar in San Pedro, and had a lot of trouble finding it again. To this day he will destroy his pieces on slight provocation. He burned "The Alpine Christ" because a publisher returned it as too long to use. He burned the MS. of "Tamar" as soon as the book was in print. I think that if the struggle to perpetuate himself in verse were not doomed like all life to eventual defeat, he would not feel constrained to engage in it.

Una Jeffers is the link between the

UNA AND ROBINSON JEFFERS

lonely house on the headland and the bustling little art colony of Carmel. She knows everybody and brings home the gossip. Jeffers passes the evenings reading aloud—almost any literate current book will do, but once he spent a winter with the works of Walter Scott. Before going to bed he gets out his current manuscript and reads it over.

Jeffers knows the wild coastal country south and east of his house as well as his wife knows the town. He takes long hikes back in the hills, through the dark redwood canyons and up the trails branching from the road to Point Sur. At home he has taken steps to protect his privacy. He screened three sides of his house by planting three thousand little fir trees that have grown into a dense thicket. He takes few trips. One summer he went to Ireland with his family and once Mabel Dodge took them all to Taos in an old Cadillac; with these exceptions he hasn't been anywhere for twenty years. Once he agreed to drive up to San Francisco to attend a party given in honor of Ramon Novarro, but backed out when he found he would be expected to stay for lunch. He went up in 1917 to join the U. S. Aviation Corps, but was turned down for high blood pressure; on that occasion it was found at the last minute that he didn't have a hat, hadn't had one for several years, so he made the trip bareheaded.

His own family is a complete, shut-in community. The two boys, Garth and Donan, resemble their father and seem to have his temperament; they are husky, silent, deliberate, and shy. For years as children they talked to each other in a language they made up. A rather appalled friend who went on a hike with Jeffers and his sons reported that after hours of silence "a slow word will drop from father to the boys that is hardly a human word." The boys refer to such hikes as "pilgrimages." When they swim in the Pacific which pounds, icy cold even in summer, on the rocks below Tor House, it is Jeffers's duty to stand on the point and watch them. His wife insists on it. She runs the weird household with energetic, cheerful competence. "No use fighting your mother," Jeffers counseled during one of the rare family rebellions, "I've tried it all my life and I've never won." Jeffers was coming as near as he ever gets to being waggish. He and his wife are a successful corporation. She has the knack, so necessary to the business half of literary partnerships, of giving shrewd advice without taking credit for it, and he was paying her a sincere if backhanded compliment when he said, "My life is happier than most lives—quite ridiculously contented. I should like to go on like this for several centuries."

Several centuries is a long time and it may be possible that he won't get his wish. I hope he does. I hope that when the spectral episode of man's life on earth has ended finally in all the disasters whose scientific and rhetorical values Jeffers knows so well, he'll still be on his headland, shouting reverberant defiance at his enemy in the sky. It would spoil my belief in the permanence of things to think he wouldn't be.

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*Niven Busch, Jr., was formerly an associate editor of* Time *and a member of the staff of* The New Yorker. *He is the author of "Twenty-One Americans," a book of contemporary portraits.*

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# A Producer Backstage

*THE CURTAIN FALLS. By Joseph Verner Reed. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company.* 1935. $2.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IF "show business" were run by "safe and sane" business men, probably no plays would be produced; though the more one gets to know about business, the fewer business men who are either safe or sane there seem to be. The business men of Broadway can so easily be proven quite the opposite of sane that there would be no fun in supplying the evidence. What one needs to be a producer are money and enthusiasm, and then you are quite as

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S DEBUT
IN "ART AND MRS. BOTTLE"
*From "The Curtain Falls."*

likely to succeed as the next fellow. Joseph Verner Reed, author of the book I am reviewing, didn't succeed, but he had the fun of doing some plays he believed in and meeting such temperamental phenomena, and good actresses, as Jane Cowl and Mary Ellis. That's about all he could expect, the way things are. He might easily have had better "breaks" than those he had. The firm of MacGowan and Reed had plenty of brains in it, plenty of vitality, and fortunately at one time plenty of money. But I do not wish to imply that Mr. Reed's account of his experiences as a producer is in any sense a "belly-aching" document. On the contrary, it is bursting with enthusiasm and the joy of effort. It is swift and vivid, so swiftly written that it frequently stumbles over the English language, but takes all that in its stride.

Yes, it is an exhilarating book to read. If the theatrical world did not have in it the particular mad exhilaration that Mr. Reed well conveys in his reminiscences, no one would stay in it for five minutes. The tragic exasperations are too many, the desperate chances too great, the grim losses too heavy. When one stops to realize all the effort, all the human factors, all the money that go into a single production likely to close, after a bad start, within a few days; one sometimes wonders why any mortals from any point of view have the courage to connect themselves with such an enterprise.

But, on the bright side, the greatest virtue of the theatre is courage—courage of the actors and actresses, primarily—and, yes, in spite of all that can be said against them, courage of entrepreneurs and managers who put on the plays.

Mr. Reed, at the age of twenty-six, was, as he frankly admits, theatre-crazy. He would rather have seen a bad show than no show at all. But he didn't want to stay in an orchestra seat. He had money, and he wanted to manage and produce. In Kenneth MacGowan he found, after considerable search, a kindred spirit and a man of great talent and energy. Winthrop Ames, that most urbane and delightful of men, gave him sage advice. In he plunged. He ended by dropping a thumping sum of money—but according to this vivid book he had certainly had a high old time.

To me the bright spot in his book for interest and amusement is that part concerned with Jane Cowl. Mr. Reed has no little anecdotal facility. His study of a temperament, in her case, is imbued with affection. It is also laughable and immense and almost incredible. And he sweeps his plumes to the floor before her talents as an actress, as he well may.

Mr. Reed, apparently, thought too little of "box-office" rather than too much. His enthusiasms swept him on. His taste in choosing plays was spontaneous and erratic. He finally had to learn, as he says, that he belonged out front, not behind the scenes. If you, too, are the kind of human who feel a thrill along your spine every time you sit in the orchestra, or the balcony, or the second balcony, and watch the curtain rise—as I am—you will enjoy this volume; and you will learn a little about those strange and blundering, and admirable and "cuckoo" people who make your enjoyment of the theatre possible.

# Two Ways of Thought

*FOLLOW THE FURIES. By Eleanor Carroll Chilton. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.* 1935. $2.50

Reviewed by CURRIE CABOT

SINCE the tone in which words are uttered is often more revealing than the words themselves, much of a story's meaning can be conveyed by the tone in which it is told. Now although printed words assure our reason that "Follow the Furies" is a tragedy, we are unconvinced, for Miss Chilton's cool, urbane voice makes us feel that nothing really serious can possibly happen. The book lingers in the mind as a pleasant, faintly satiric comedy of manners. The grim facts remain somehow incidental, so alien are they to the quiet and gently humorous flow of the story.

One cannot help wishing that comedy had prevailed over the thesis that Miss Chilton set herself to expound, or else that she had given the darker side of her novel the full weight of austerity and seriousness it demands. Actually, the book impresses one as a compromise. There is the underlying problem the author has chosen

ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON

to work out for herself, and then there is the veneer which gives the book its superficial aspect of light, agreeable fiction.

Miss Chilton, with the instinct of a true novelist, has sought out a theme that will bring into conflict problems larger than the merely personal ones of individuals. She has found it in the opposition of two ways of thought; she has set the values of the freethinker against those of the Catholic. Indubitably, she has touched upon an extremely important question, the place of religion in modern life, but the special case with which she has chosen to illustrate her point of view is so very special and so very extreme that it has the unconvincing ring of propaganda. There cannot be many families brought up to the conscientious atheism of Hugh Linton's, or many misplaced fanatics of the type of Barbara Linton.

"Follow the Furies" is one of those books too merely intellectually conceived to touch one deeply. It is the product of an alert intelligence, of an accomplished novelist's deft, subtle handling. But it never achieves the life-and-death significance it is supposed to bear, and one puts it down wishing that the author had confined it to the quietly satirical mood which so dryly exposes the contradiction between Hugh Linton, the bold-thinking novelist, and Hugh Linton the cautiously conventional man.

# Something Ought to Be Done About It

*THE TIME IS RIPE. By Walter Greenwood. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company.* 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

MR. GREENWOOD, the English workingman whose "Love on the Dole" was one of the best of last year's novels, has produced another excellent study of slum life in Manchester-Salford. Possibly that was only incidental to his intention; the English title was "His Worship the Mayor," and the story, in so far as there is any, deals with the rise of Edgar Hargraves, lower middle-class clothing merchant, from the ragged edge of bankruptcy to wealth, the Lord Mayoralty, and the prospect of a knighthood. How did he rise? Why, his miserly old aunt died intestate; this and this alone lifted Hargraves to the heights—but that is hardly enough to make the book the "scorching satire" which the never-failing English critics have discerned.

Mr. Greenwood is himself a City Councillor of Salford and presumably knows his municipal politics; when he shows us policemen taking protection money from bookmakers, and closing hours enforced on public houses and disregarded by rich men's clubs, it is to be supposed that he is telling the truth. But Hargraves, though doubtless truly enough observed, is a figure of no consequence. Rich or poor, he is a cowardly snob, selfish and merciless. There are such shopkeepers and there are such millionaires; and it is no longer news that chance can lift such a man from obscurity to eminence.

What is important in this book, as in its predecessor, is the first-hand account of the lives of the poor—the people who are on the dole, or barely off of it, or (worst fate of all) are disqualified by the Means Test as applied by men whose chief concern is to keep down the taxes. We have heard a good deal in the last two or three years about English recovery; but the class of which Mr. Greenwood writes, the class from which he sprang, has not shared in that recovery and has apparently begun to doubt if it ever will. The gentlemen who are so zealous for proletarian literature would doubtless think poorly of Mr. Greenwood; he never mentions the class struggle, and he does not froth at the mouth. He does not need to; mere objectivity carries a conviction, in cases like this, that could not be increased by any amount of underscoring. Accordingly the American publishers, appreciating better than the English publishers and perhaps better than the author himself the real point of the book, have taken a title from Lowell's "The time is ripe, and rotten ripe, for change; then let it come."

Let it come, Mr. Greenwood would doubtless say—but he does not paint all his proletarians spotless white, or all his bourgeois dead black. There are decent and kindly men even among his City Councillors; and the very worst exploiter in the book is one of the poor, Mrs. Sarah Ann Nattle. She is also the best character in the book; readers of "Love on the Dole" may remember her, though she played a smaller part there. Mrs. Nattle, bootlegger of eightpenny gin to widows on pension, go-between for pawnbrokers and abortionists, general chiseler and percentage-grabber—to this reader at any rate Mrs. Nattle appears as that incarnate evil which Faulkner was apparently aiming at in his Popeye. But far more convincing than Popeye, because she is human.

That is Mr. Greenwood's second merit as a propagandist—all his people are human, even though some of his City Councillors may have been observed only from the outside. The real protagonist of the story is Joe Shuttleworth, the unemployed miner, who kept believing that the mine where he had worked for forty years would reopen, and who felt as if the end of the world had come when he saw that mine being dismantled. Joe Shuttleworth who went mad trying to realize what had happened; his wife who served three months in jail for stealing a shawl from Hargraves's shop; his children, with nothing to look forward to but more of the same—this is their story, not the ennobled haberdasher's. Read it, and you will feel that the time is ripe indeed. There remains the question whether England, as a collective entity, can ever again be operated at a profit; but you cannot blame people like the Shuttleworths for feeling that something ought to be done about it when they see what profits there are going to people like Hargraves.

# John Peale Bishop's Novel of the South

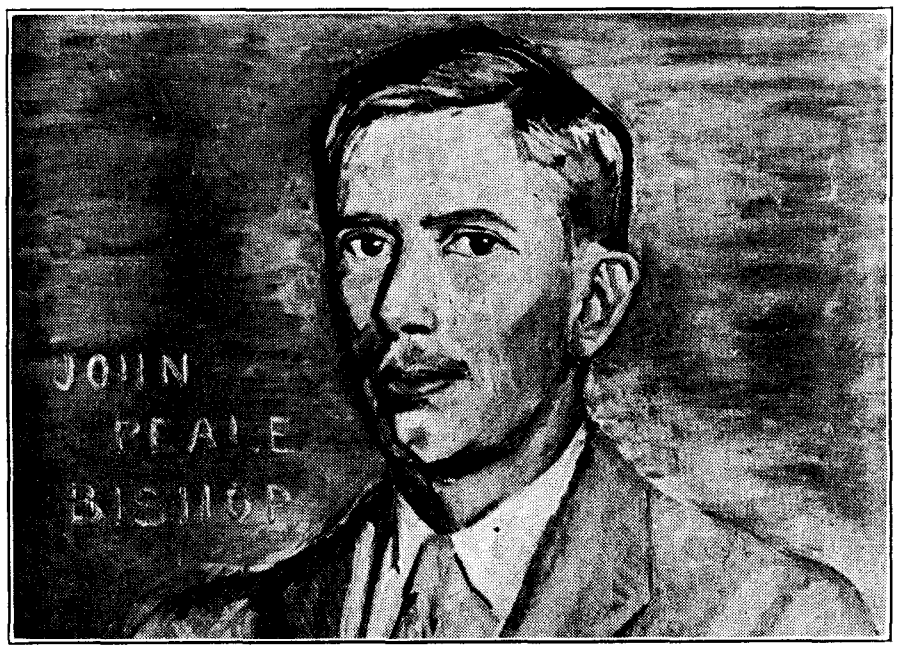
*ACT OF DARKNESS. By John Peale Bishop. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.* 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by BERRY FLEMING

THERE isn't much difficulty in putting your finger on some of the qualities that make this a good book. It is primarily concerned with the life of a boy during his adolescence and through him you see his beloved West Virginia, his home town, his numerous family, his family's friends. All of this is described with extraordinary feeling and with the articulate sympathy of a poet. The writing is vivid and living, with an occasional awkward inversion of phrase that gives it the sort of life you feel in a painter's line that doesn't run absolutely true. It seems to me a deliberate awkwardness, different from the occasional stammering of an overpowering emotion, and in that sense to be artifice, but it is artifice of the best kind and effective.

There is more difficulty in saying why the book isn't even better than it is. Perhaps the reason is its lack of an overpowering emotion. For the boy John, who is the principal character and in whom the reader is most interested, doesn't go through any emotional crisis. The emotion is transferred to the secondary, or at least indirect, story of Charlie; this emotion is inherently deep enough and real enough, but being given largely through the eyes of the boy, it becomes diluted.

The scene of Mr. Bishop's novel is a little town in the West Virginia of the




JOHN PEALE BISHOP. *From a painting by Frederick Wight.*

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early years of the century. Its people are (somewhat refreshingly) gentlefolk; their feeling of being slightly put upon at having to consider themselves West Virginians, instead of Virginians, is wholly warranted, for their breeding is as sound as anything we know. The story flows with a deceptive rapidity, and the reader finds himself, almost before he knows it, in the midst of a major scandal and lawsuit. This comes as the result of an alleged assault upon a woman, who involves Charlie by false testimony.

In itself, Charlie's story is a real thing, worthy of being told throughout from Charlie's point of view; it is of far more significance, I think, than the story of the boy's adolescence. The boy grew up, saturated, like multitudes of others, with pictures of his home and his family; his character was forming, was resulting, in part anyway, from this environment; but except in specific details it is like thousands of other adolescences and not, I think, of first importance. But Charlie is another matter. Charlie's character is formed; it is interesting, rich. And as a result of it, he gets in a tight spot. His story seems potentially great, swept on as he is by forces over which he had no control, one of which is himself.

The trial scene is to me the weakest part of the book, from the points of view of credibility, interest, and drama—although I am quite prepared to be informed that this actually occurred; it has some of the improbability of truth. But in spite of these shortcomings, this novel ought to rank high among the books that are good. It is honest and straightforward, illuminated by some of the sharpest and most well-expressed perceptions of both the outer and the inner world that I remember.

## Supernatural Plays

*WHEELS AND BUTTERFLIES. By William Butler Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Company.* 1935. $2.

Reviewed by HORACE REYNOLDS

ALL four of the short plays which Yeats has collected in this volume have the supernatural for their theme; in all are bodied forth the spiritualistic beliefs which have been important articles in Yeats's mystical credo ever since the late eighties, when he attended Madame Blavatsky's nightly levees in Landsdowne Road. The spirit of Swift speaks to Stella and Vanessa; Emer's pain and renunciation call back Cuchulain from the Country-Under-Wave; Christ rises from the dead, a phantom with a beating heart, to prove to his doubting disciples that He is really the Messiah; two beggars, one blind, another lame, seek the saint at his holy well, and are healed, very much in the manner of Synge's Martin and Mary Doul before them.

In these recent plays Yeats has deserted verse for prose, and out of mercy for the frailty of the ear he has simplified his language. But still the plays are heavy with abstraction; the climaxes to which they hasten are ideas difficult to dissolve in action: too often they remain ideas, not actions whose fall into the pool of the mind sends out ever-widening circles of thought and feeling. Three of the plays are for dancers, they belong to a form Yeats has made for himself out of the old "Noh" plays of Japan, and from a mere reading of them it is difficult to appreciate just how much mask and dance and music would add to their performance. But certainly "Words upon the Window Pane" reads better than it plays.

Yeats has confessed that he has written plays that he might compose lyrics for their imaginary people. He might well have added—for the opportunity they offer him to write prefaces and commentaries. In the prefaces of these plays, rather than in the plays themselves, lie moments that make the reader catch his breath at the beauty of the thought and its expression. It is in these chapters from the autobiography of his splendid, many-chambered intellect that Yeats is "forging in the smithy of his soul the uncreated conscience of his race."

# The BOWLING GREEN

## Big Mails Galore

A YOUNG woman (eleven years old at that time) was full of the lively curiosity which is so sweet and commendable in her nature. Also I think she felt that her small pocket-money was insufficient for her large and legitimately growing desiderations. In a corner of some magazine she saw a promise that if she would send her name she would receive Big Mails, Personal Big Mails, A Giant Mail, Big Mails Galore, Propositions Samples and Opportunities, Not Less Than $25 a Week, a Big Opportunity Package. Whether she also sent 10 cents I don't know: it would embarrass me to ask her. But the Big Mails Galore came along all right. I know because part of my job is to call at the post office.

Fortunately, by the time the Big Mails began coming the young woman's interest had gone on to something else. (Skis, or a bow and arrows.) So when I saw a mass of circulars lying around, my own curiosity, which extends to every kind of printed matter, began to operate. It might interest you to know what the Opportunities are that these Personal Big Mails offer. What would have happened if she had accepted the offer "A TEN POUND package of Big Mail for 25c if you will pay express charges" I dare not conjecture.

I'm not going to go into this in full detail because I still believe that print has valuable reticences. A complete study of these matters would perhaps be Mr. Postmaster Farley's job if he weren't so busy sending out postage stamps. But here are some of the exciting possibilities the young woman might have considered if she hadn't been, fortunately, out ski-ing.

Pittsburgh, for 35c, would send her "one pound of old novels, foreign coins, war money, stamps propositions." (How many old novels in a pound?) Revere, Mass., would print 1000 circulars for 40c. Chicago would guarantee her against loneliness with 30 names of gentlemen pen-pals and a Mystic Photo of future mate; also her own photo, size of a postage stamp, gummed to stick on letterheads, "will say much more about you than any wordy description when writing to pen-pals." Racine, Wis., wants her to show her loyalty to the President: "Beautiful silk banner shows a determined Roosevelt portrait and his signature." The director of the Association for the Development of Mind Power (Chicago) offers her (for $1) five long Letter-Lectures that will remove fear and ignorance and lead to a New Life. Does her life lack color? (how little he knows her!) These Miracle Working Letters will get her anything she wants. "Written in plain language. Nothing technical. Free from religious prejudices yet in perfect harmony with religious beliefs." Not all the goodly company of Envelope Stuffers are so free from sectarianism, though. Here's St. Croix Falls, Wis., offering an 8-page pamphlet (10c) to prove that baptism does not necessarily mean complete immersion. But the fellow who is really savage is Hermansville, Mich. What has happened to make Hermansville so sore at the Catholic Church? I should not care to quote all his raving absurdities. He thinks the celibacy of the clergy is all hooey and breaks into verse:

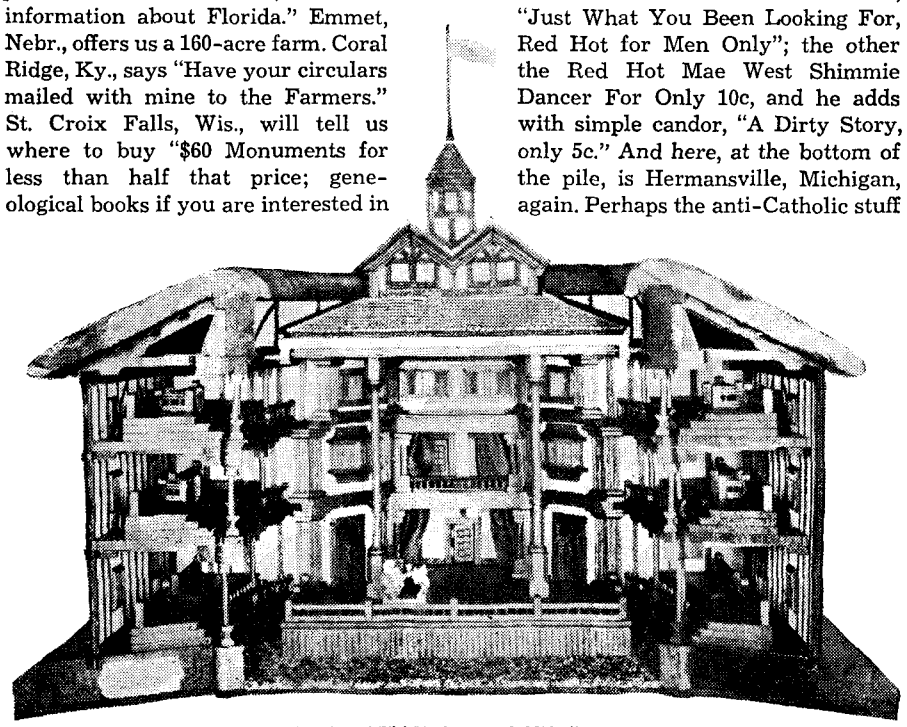
> Lives of all the priests remind us
> They could lead much better lives
> And departing leave behind them
> Widows who have been their wives.

For 10c each he offers a list of books such as *Crimes of Priests; Priestly Celibacy Exposed; Vile Attacks Upon Women; The Priest and the Devil; The Sad Story of Mary Lily.* What happened to Mary Lily "within shouting distance of the palace of Cardinal Gibbons," he says "chills one's heart and makes your blood run cold. Buy this book in quantity and circulate it." But *Behind Convent Bars,* which costs 25c, seems to be even more vigorous. I'm saving these obscene oddities until I meet Tom Daly, my favorite Papist, so we can have a good laugh together. Perhaps it's not just a laughing matter. *Priest & Women,* "a book for women only . . . for real red blooded American women who do their own thinking" I suppose I (nor the Postmaster General) will never see. But this fellow in Hermansville is one of the boys who want us to know The Truth. He has some kind of a magazine, *The Yellow Jacket* (20c a year) "The best paper published to swat liars & leaches, hypocrits and humbugs, demigogs and dastards."

Let's get into more agreeable fields. Here's an optimist, in Akron, O., who wants my young woman to go into publishing. "Publish a Paper of your own. Only 50c Capitol needed." Braggs, Okla., wants her to start a hamburger stand, 25c full instructions; "for 10c extra I will give you a recipe of a Cidar without apples. Mix at night, ready to drink in the morning." Tampa confides that "Florida is the virgin mail-order field," will mail our circulars to his own sucker list for $2.50 a thousand. "Personal services of all sorts, private letters remailed, nontechnical information about Florida." Emmet, Nebr., offers us a 160-acre farm. Coral Ridge, Ky., says "Have your circulars mailed with mine to the Farmers." St. Croix Falls, Wis., will tell us where to buy "$60 Monuments for less than half that price; geneological books if you are interested in your family history; Used Correspondence Courses, and Mexican Jumping Beans." Grandma's Herb Company, right here in New York City, wants to send us a bottle ($1.50) of tonic bursting with iodine, "phospherous," and all the mineral salts. Ambler, Pa., for $1 will teach us how to earn money writing for the papers. Erie, Pa., knows how to print photographs on handkerchiefs, scarfs or neckties. Williamsbridge, N. Y. C., will remove our superfluous hair. Oyster Bay, L. I., wants us to be Sane about Sex. Sarnia, Ontario, if we are lonely and blue, "will make you happy for the rest of your life if you will send only 10c for particulars." Goldsboro, N. C., will supply back issues of a Nudist Magazine, nothing left out.

Raritan, N. J., writes that he has heard of the young inquirer as "an experienced and capable salesman with a good following among the retail dealers." He would like her to represent him in a line of sundries and has a Foolproof Profit Sharing Plane. "To keep the curiosity seekers from receiving this plan, I am offering it to you for $2.00." An expert chemist of Evanston, Ill., will send (for 35c) our choice of any one of several "monster formulas" from which we can make a Blood Cleaner Compound or medicines for Rheumatism, Heart, Kidneys, Asthma, Hay Fever, Female Tonic or "unpleasantness of entire nervous system" (which might happen to almost anyone). Los Angeles is more cheerful and sociable. For only 3 cents they'll send us not only Big Mail but "a mouthpiece which fits roof of mouth, with it you can sing like a canary or squeal like a pig. Astonish and Mystify your friends." Deep Gap, N. C., an appropriate place, wants us to start a Pen Pals Correspondence Club. For 10c they will give "full instructions of this fascinating business."

You divine, shrewd as you are, that I'm only delicately turning over the more mentionable fragments of this mass of rubbish. The various appeals, on grounds of health and prophylaxis, to credulity or prurience, I pass by; though I admit a scholarly curiosity about Cincinnati's offer of "The Immortal Dante Trip Through Hell, 25 Different Cards, 25c." A fellow in Cleveland advertises "Better Printing for Less Money" but doesn't prove it in his list of wares, which include "$ Powder Compats for 2c, Toote paste 3c per tube, My 6 Nights in a Nudist Camp," and goes off the deep end with fine climax, "600,000 Articles." A "bookshop" in Fort Atkinson, Wis., will send "The Book of Forbidden Knowledge" for half price if you'll write down the names and addresses of five married friends ("your name not told to others"). Looking through this mess of tripe I thought at first that New England was not represented in the jackal industry, but here's Worcester, Mass., supplying (10c, sealed to adults) BIG VALUE HOTCHA BUDGET—"stories, poems, cartoons, also 100 Paris Type Pictures." Gloucester, Mass., has two pornograph peddlers who must be busy rivals. One has the Movie Card Picture Girl, "Just What You Been Looking For, Red Hot for Men Only"; the other the Red Hot Mae West Shimmie Dancer For Only 10c, and he adds with simple candor, "A Dirty Story, only 5c." And here, at the bottom of the pile, is Hermansville, Michigan, again. Perhaps the anti-Catholic stuff hasn't gone so well for now he's picking on Hollywood. *Harlotry of the Silver Screen* (12c postpaid) "unmasks the immorality of Hollywood and lifts the lid on the vilest ulcer in American life."



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But whether ulcers have lids or not, I'm growing a little weary. I fall back with relief on the pleasant fellow in Buffalo who offers a First Aid Antiseptic Kit for 25c; the Novelty Jobber in Miami Beach who sells aspirin and opals; the excellent lad in Greensburg, Indiana, who (for $1) will give a chemical formula for saving furnace coal. Most of all, I think, I like the sportsman in Sudbury, Ontario, who says, "Surprise Your Friends by sending them Postal Views of Sudbury, the Nickel City." All you have to do is buy 5 picture cards of Sudbury for a quarter. Write your message, address them, and send them back to this gentleman with postage. He mails them for you, and all your friends think you've been staying in Sudbury. Naturally they're surprised.

I like, too, the honest merchant of Des Plaines, Ill., who says bluntly "What I am after is names. I represent a manufacturer who is willing to pay a good price for same."

But the name of that young woman isn't going to do you much good, old shark. Because I go to the P. O. myself, and after this Big Mails Galore and Opportunity Packages drop right in the basket.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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# The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

ROUND ABOUT PARNASSUS

AS I promised last week I am presenting to you this week the letter from *Earl Daniels* concerning *C. Day Lewis*. Here it is:

If you are by any chance thinking of treating *Day Lewis* and his "Collected Poems" in the same cavalier fashion as you did *Auden* and *Spender* in *The Saturday Review—please don't.*

I wouldn't enter too vigorously into the lists for them, although I do think they're more important than you seem to. But this is different.

I can't remember when I've been more profoundly impressed by a book of contemporary verse. Here is the first voice—really a voice—which we've had in a long time. I don't agree at all with Mr. Day Lewis's communistic philosophy—that's a detail. What is of first importance is that here is a man, a young man at that, who believes that ideas and vision count in poetry, who is trying to face an uncertain future with unfaltering, challenging courage, and who is demanding, through his verse, that we who are honest, and courageous, and thoughtful, face it too. There hasn't so far as I know been anything really to compare with it since Wordsworth and the rest were hit so hard by the French Revolution—although perhaps, on second thought, Matthew Arnold should get in here too.

Granted occasional obscurity, occasional uncertainty of technique, and excessive monotony of cadence. But the boy can turn beautiful lines. For example:

Love's proved in its creation, not eternity

Hills in their hosts escort the sun
And valleys welcome him their way

Sky-wide an estuary of light
Ebbs amid cloud-banks out of sight

Where will you find more suggestive phrasing than "purple rhetoric of evening skies" or "dawn like a greyhound leapt the hill-tops"?

And the man can sing when he wants to. Do you know, in contemporary poetry, any lovelier lyric stanza than this?

Her thoughts are pleiads, stooping low
O'er glades where nightingale has flown:
And like the luminous night around her
She has at heart a certain dawn.

You have to go back to Alice Meynell for the equal of that.

My apologies for the presumption of this note, if it be presumption. But I was mildly indignant with your treatment of Auden and Spender. I'm more indignant at the way *The Saturday Review* has so far neglected to give any space to one of the season's most profound and important books: Mr. More's *The Sceptical Approach to Religion.* Yet you always have time and room for completely ephemeral fiction! Anyway, I couldn't help writing an advance protest for the Day Lewis volume.

If it weren't for these differences of opinion the world would be a dull place. I have been reading Day Lewis and have been pleased by his work. And heaven knows I like enthusiasm. There were certain poets I "discovered" in my own youth about whom I went about positively raving. And they were worth a rave or two, at that. So probably is Mr. Lewis, though certainly not so much so as Mr. Spender. But, if Mr. Daniels will allow me, may I be permitted, at the age of nearly fifty, to say that in between Wordsworth and the French Revolution and the present Day Lewis and communism there has actually been poetry written in the belief that "ideas and vision count," and poets have faced an uncertain future "with unfaltering, challenging courage." Honestly! Let Mr. Daniels just take thought. I am not going to name any names. And isn't he rather confused when he states that he doesn't agree with Mr. Day Lewis's social philosophy and yet admires his courage in having such a philosophy? That is the sort of statement that (whatever you may think of his religious tenets) *G. K. Chesterton* was always able to show up for the nonsense it actually is. We can like human beings with whose viewpoints we disagree; but if we think what a writer swears by is wrong, how can we admire his courage for swearing by it? One might as well say that one admired the independence of the Marquis de Sade in cutting up little boys, though of course one did not agree that the practice was a good one. And also—Mr. Daniels asks me rhetorically where will I find "more suggestive phrasing than 'purple rhetoric of evening skies' or 'dawn like a greyhound leapt the hill-tops.'" I don't happen to think those two quotations particularly happy selections from Mr. Lewis, but I will immediately answer that almost anywhere in one dead poet, who was yet alive in my time, and almost anywhere in one poet still very much alive, I can find phrasing that can give those two quotations cards and spades. I refer to the late *Francis Thompson,* if only in "The Hound of Heaven," and also to *Roy Campbell* of South Africa, if only in "The Flaming Terrapin." In fact, give me Campbell's collected works so far, and you can have Auden and Spender and Day Lewis all together. Let me repeat that one of their chief claims to importance is that they are communists or very near it. They are the first notable poets of a new social movement, which has a lot of right on its side, though I don't believe that it would work in the United States. But there is no use trying to duck that fact; because when you strip these poets of the social theory they represent and are willing to fight and die for (I presume), you strip them of their chief significance. As poets pure and simple—and sometimes Mr. Auden can be as simple as a nine year old child (I don't mean in his manner of writing, for there he hasn't yet learned the virtue of simplicity)—they are up against tremendous competition since Wordsworth. Some of the decried Georgians have it all over them. A man like James Elroy Flecker will live in certain lyrics to "look Time's leaguer down," while the importance of what Auden and Spender represented will fade with time, even though "comes de revolution."

It is of little importance to us now what views Wordsworth and Coleridge and Southey held concerning the French Revolution. They were all going to be great Pantisocrats and settle in Pennsylvania. One delights in their inflated scheme, just as one delights in the much more reasonable and prophetic vision of the young Shelley. But Coleridge happened to be the most magical poet of all time, and Southey just happened to be a very poor poet indeed. Southey was not dull because he was a bad man (pardon the primer lesson!) Southey was dull because he was dull. He was probably in certain ways one of the best men who ever lived. I have little but admiration for his character.

Now I have been reading in Mr. Spender's new "Vienna," and I contend that it is a pretty dull poem. The thing I like best about it is the exquisite presentation Random House has given it. Mr. Spender is tremendously fortunate in having such book-making vouchsafed him. The thing I object to most violently—a matter I object to more in Mr. Auden—is the infernal snobbishness of these young poets. Most intellectual communists are snobs of a later growth, and many modern poets beside Auden and Spender are snobs. Mr. Eliot began as a snob. One didn't mind so much because he could also be intensely amusing and, in "The Waste Land," very moving. Also he had a dramatic sense that makes Mr. Auden's attempts at poetic-dramatic writing seem like the playing "cops and robbers" of a schoolboy. Nevertheless, Mr. Eliot established the snob school of poetry.

You may think I'm just trying to be disagreeable. I am not. I am trying to tell the truth. Mr. Eliot has never done anything to me. I met him only once and then I liked him. I admire some of his poems intensely. But—correct me if you think me mistaken!—I do not see why the same obligation should not rest upon poets that rests upon all prose writers except Gertrude Stein (and believe me she suffers by it!). That obligation is to *be clear.* It is the easiest and cheapest thing in the world not to be clear, and it has nothing to do with conveying pregnant things artistically, either. When I say "be clear" obviously I do not mean "be so explicit that you ruin the point you are making." We all know what subtlety is. What I am speaking of is deliberate lack of clarity because the ego of the poet is so inflated that he considers his public beneath him.

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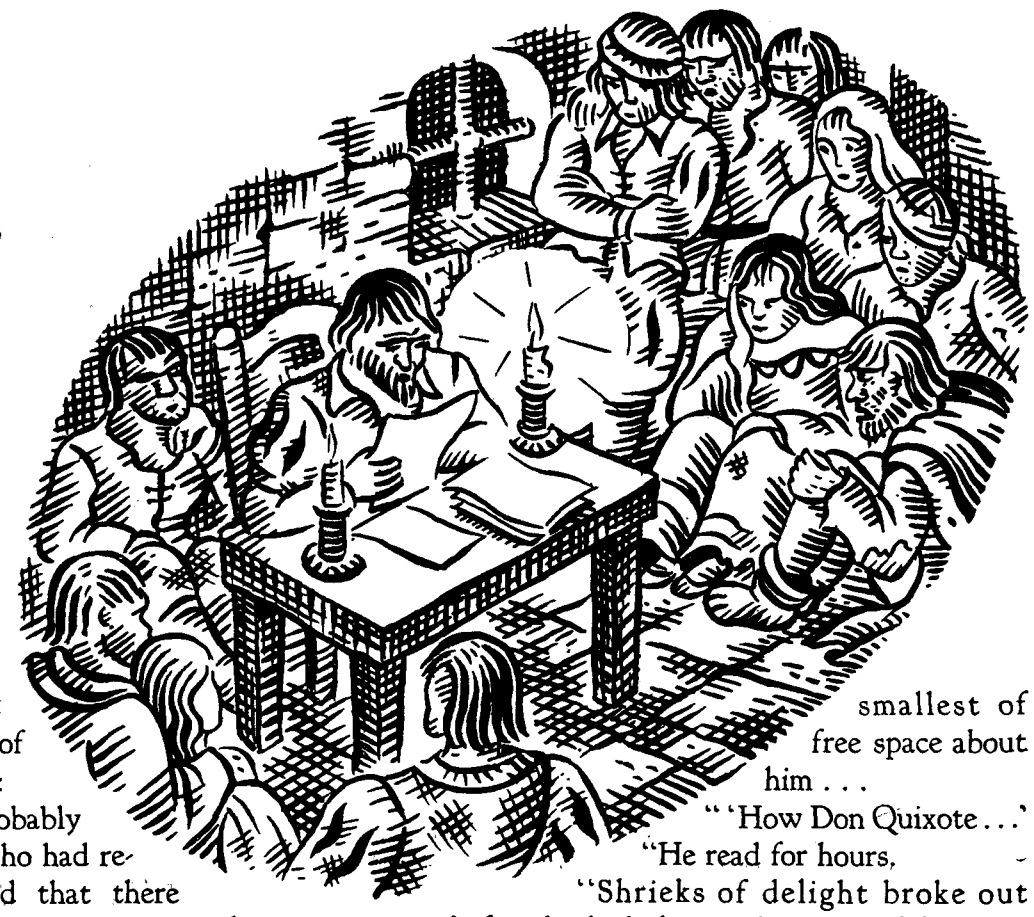
# "A certain strong man

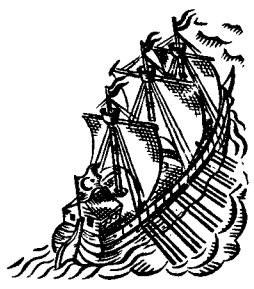
*fought stoutly at Lepanto, worked stoutly as an Algerine slave; with stout cheerfulness endured famine and nakedness and the world's ingratitude, and sitting in gaol, with one hand left him, wrote our joyfullest, and all but our deepest, modern book, and named it* Don Quixote."



THUS wrote Thomas Carlyle of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, heir to an impoverished Don, Spanish teacher to a Cardinal, swordsman to Don John of Austria, slave to a Moorish tyrant, Captain to Philip of Aragon, tax-collector for the Spanish Armada, debtor to every pothouse in Spain and creditor to all the world of literature.

His career across the world of the Sixteenth Century would be almost incredible were it not for the fragments of documentary evidence which, with flashes of brilliant illumination, depict him in Vatican or brothel, in chain mail or slave chains, riding in jingling freedom across the dusty Castilian countryside or, with glorious indifference to the bars of his debtor's cell, sitting down to write the tragi-comedy of the lean and ludicrous Don Quixote of La Mancha.

Bruno Frank has absorbed this evidence, has poured it out into a richly colorful biographical novel which, perhaps for the first time, does full justice to this scholar-soldier-of-fortune. Nor is he content with a full-bodied cinematic portrayal of his chief figure. He writes also of sepulchral Philip, King of Spain, who desired only his own salvation and the destruction of all Englishmen. Across his pages he flings popes and princes, poets and warriors, barmaids and courtesans; every inch of the background pulses with color and movement. He sweeps with the wind and



Cervantes across Europe, brings him finally to that climactic jail term when, aged and, at long last, just a bit wearied, Cervantes takes pen in hand . . .

But let Bruno Frank describe the first reading of Don Quixote:

"It was probably his warder who had reported abroad that there was a gentleman sitting in the top story who wrote day and night on a romance of chivalry. Visitors came. Not the most innocent in the world. The worst gallows-birds from the 'iron room' and the 'pestilence' mounted the stair to learn what the one-handed man up there was doing.

"And he did not let himself be asked twice.

He did not hold off. He gave of his best. His fame spread through the house. All these ruffians, procurers, bandits appreciated his jokes. They came in groups, in crowds. Three weeks before, for the first time, his public had assembled en masse, with their ladies. He read aloud the tilting at the windmills. Next day half Seville had heard of him. The Director of the prison appeared in person, more like a refined and drooping little scholar than the exploiter he really was, and asked the loan of the manuscript for a few hours. Irreproachable gentlemen of the city let themselves be locked in of an evening to be present at a reading.

"But today they were among themselves, no visitors from the city. Hardly had the bawling of the evening prayer ceased to ring through the house than Cervantes' room was full. They squeezed against the wall, they squatted on the floor, the door had to be left open, for there were more in the corridor. Cervantes sat beside two candles, with the smallest of free space about him . . .

"'How Don Quixote . . .'

"He read for hours.

"Shrieks of delight broke out before he had done. The roars of laughter made the candles flicker. They howled. They slapped their thighs. All the women were beside themselves; screaming in their enthusiasm they flung their arms about their neighbours' necks and slobbered kisses on them. Truly this was fame!

"Not quite that which Cervantes had expected. He could hardly believe it. He had shown them their own lot, their own misery —and one, in crumbling armour, who had taken it upon himself. But they had for him nothing but jeers. They agreed with their companions in misery, who stoned him. Cervantes had not exaggerated—here was the proof. It froze him to the marrow . . .

"They broke up unwillingly. The echo of their voices died away. The atmosphere they left behind dissipated slowly through the open window . . .

"He smiled at himself. What was his grievance against them? That they laughed? But Don Quixote was made to be laughed at. Why should he complain? . . .

"Above Triana the sky was still a little bright. Against it he saw his knight's gaunt form riding, always after the Gleam, through space and centuries; his horse's hoofs stumbling across Spanish soil, but that noble and fantastic head of his among the stars."

# *A Man Called*
# CERVANTES

*by* BRUNO FRANK

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# The Singing Puritans

*THE PURITANS AND MUSIC IN ENGLAND AND NEW ENGLAND. By Percy A. Scholes. New York: Oxford University Press.* 1934. $8.50.

Reviewed by CARL ENGEL

EVER since Adam and Eve got the first dispossess notice, their progeny has striven to regain entrance into the ancestral home. These efforts, vain though stubborn, have led to the strange notion, entertained by a good many people, that the surest access to a heavenly paradise is by way of hell on earth. Their faith in compensation, personal and everlasting, is absolute. It helps them to regard the vicissitudes encountered in this "vale of tears" with equanimity, even with cheerfulness, except that cheer is so apt to degenerate into unseemly mirth. To avoid this danger, they are at pains to surround their life of virtue and purity with an air of dignified gloom and to fortify themselves behind self-denials and discomforts.

No fault could be found with such views or practices, were it not that those who hold them or indulge in them are recurrently beset with the urge of making everyone else share them. This frequently leads to unpleasantness. The would-be-reformers and the not-to-be-reformed ruffle each others' temper. They malign, if they do not kill, each other. And thus the men and women, whose strict tenets earned them the proud appellation of Puritans, have come in, from time to time, for some unmerited slander. Particularly the Puritans who settled in New England during the first half of the seventeenth century and their descendants have long, and not unjustly, enjoyed the reputation of having been intolerable prigs and tedious killjoys. But along with deserved opprobrium there has been a good deal of excessive vituperation. Among it is the general and now ancient accusation that the Puritans loathed and prohibited all music.

Now comes along an English musician and musicologist, Dr. Percy A. Scholes, who has probed deeply into the saga of "The Puritans and Music in England and New England." At last the true facts are laid bare. Dr. Scholes, in giving us what he modestly calls "a contribution to the cultural history of two nations," has written the most exhaustive and yet comprehensive book on a chain of interrelated subjects, each one of which has been responsible for a considerable literature. The list of works consulted and actually cited by Dr. Scholes in the course of his book covers fifteen and one-half pages and comprises about 750 titles; it goes back to original documents and scrupulously distinguishes between the genuine and the spurious. When the sifting is done, Dr. Scholes comes to the only possible conclusion, namely that "most or all evidence to the effect that the Puritans objected to music evaporates when carefully examined."

Dr. Scholes subjects to a rigorous inquiry the ordinances of early New England dealing with dancing. Here also the picture he unfolds, based on first hand material, is far less grim than the one universally accepted as true. Life in the colony was not joyless, wholly ruled over by narrow-minded and jaundiced bigots. "Dancing, yea though mixt" went on merrily. Before Increase Mather's death, his son, Cotton Mather, was taking dancing schools for granted in the education of well-bred children. Dr. Scholes adduces even one example of a "dancing minister" —Timothy Edwards, father of Jonathan— at whose ordination "a dance was held at his house!"

The only real concern of the Puritans seems to have been that music and dancing should not detract from the observance of church duties or lead into immoral conduct. In this respect they did not differ from other religious sects, past or present, which aimed, or aim, to combat the natural inclination of mankind toward laxity of morals and abuse of pleasures. Dr. Scholes exclaims: "The more I study the Puritans the more I am at a loss to find their Puritanism!"

That Dr. Scholes took up the study of Puritans at all, was owing to some references to their reputed peculiarities that he read in a recent book by an American writer. These references were in line with a common belief, held by the majority of authors dealing with the period and the subject. A notable exception was that great American scholar and sagacious musicologist, Oscar G. Sonneck, who in his "Early Concert Life in America" (1907) had expressed the hope that the time would come when "some historian" would "unearth and collect the data pertaining to our musical life before 1700" and would expose as fallacious and ridiculous the accredited opinion that Providence had been prompted "to send to our shores, out of all the millions who inhabited Europe, just those few thousand beings who had no music in their soul." This historian's advent we can now hail, and we applaud the thoroughness, the brilliance with which he has blasted that old fallacy. It was eminently gracious, and proper, that Dr. Scholes should have prefixed to his book a dedication to the memory of Mr. Sonneck's. And the father of American musicology would have been the first to acclaim the English colleague to whom we owe the definite and complete clarification of a badly gnarled and knotted question in our own musical past.

# Life in Old Russia

*THE RUSSIAN JOURNALS OF MARTHA AND CATHERINE WILMOT. Edited by the Marchioness of Londonderry and H. M. Hyde. New York: The Macmillan Co.* 1934. $9.50.

PRINCESS DASHKOV was an enterprising and interesting lady of Catherine the Great's time. She helped in the coup d'état which made Catherine Empress, was president of the Russian Academy, a friend of Voltaire and Diderot, and wrote several plays. She met the Misses Catherine and Martha Wilmot, ladies of an Anglo-Irish family, at one of the European watering-places, and invited them to visit her in Russia. They undertook the journey from Ireland to Russia during the Napoleonic Wars, spent several years there, and thanks to their distinguished connections, met and saw pretty much everybody and everything from the Court and Kremlin down.

Their diaries and letters home, previously in the possession of the historian, W. E. H. Lecky, and after his death, deposited in the Royal Irish Academy in Dublin, are now published for the first time. They are leisurely but lively impressions of an age in which people took time and care in such writing and they give an intimate picture of polite life in the Russia of 1803-1808 as seen by two vivacious young Westerners who were charmed with much they came across and yet always conscious of an Asiatic strangeness—and savagery—underneath the Frenchified surfaces of the upper-class Russia of that day.

# Aristocratic Century

*THE AGE OF REASON. By R. B. Mowat. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.* 1934. $2.50.

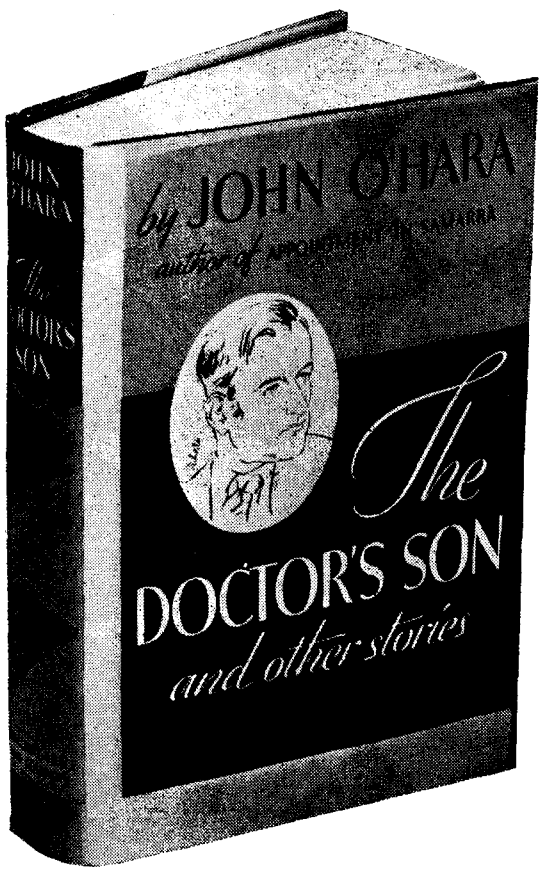
Reviewed by DAVID OWEN

PROFESSOR MOWAT'S thesis can be briefly stated. In the Continental eighteenth century he discovers a historical period ready for rehabilitation, an age that has suffered at the hands both of moralists and historians. Exemplifying some of the most admirable of qualities—tolerance and cosmopolitanism, to mention two of them—the men of the eighteenth century were well on their way to solving the problems of society. Their slow but steady advance was abruptly cut off by the Revolutionary and Napoleonic wars, which afflicted Europe with a hypertrophied nationalism and induced, at least in England, a premature industrial development. The age was neither decadent nor stagnant. Rather was it a summation of pre-industrial culture, a fruitful equilibrium between town and country, classicism and romanticism, philosophical utopias and "spotted actuality."

That the century produced a fine blossoming of aristocratic culture cannot be doubted. It was a cosy, cultivated, aristocratic society, which believed in Progress and sensibly left the business of war to professionals. Nor was the old Régime itself, if one can believe recent studies, as rotten a political fabric as republican historiography would have us think.

What bothers me is not that Professor Mowat has painted a glowing picture of the century for which he has such genuine affection, but that his composition is so lacking in draughtsmanship. To put it bluntly, he has avoided most of the difficult subjects which are essential to a fair estimate of the century. There are accounts of the enlightened despots, sketches of those picturesque scoundrels Casanova and Cagliostro, and entertaining chapters on the *salons*, the opera, and the academies. The treatment of the benevolent despots, of Frederick the Great especially, is disappointing. Professor Mowat's conclusion that "Frederick was a bad man, absolutely without moral scruple" is reminiscent of the wayward authors of "1066 and All That" who found that monarchs fell easily into two classes, Good Kings and Bad Kings. A just emphasis is given to the cosmopolitanism of the century, when to be an intelligent member of the upper classes was to be a citizen of the cultivated society of Western Europe.

But a survey of such subjects, even though we add to them chapters on prisons, the peace movement, and religion, does not lead to such conclusions as the author draws. Nowhere, for example, is there an attempt to gauge the condition of the peasants or to test the validity of state economic policies. If any class was proving itself a dynamic force, it was the bourgeoisie. Yet, of expanding commerce and the interests of the men who were guiding it one gets only the feeblest inkling. "The Age of Reason," as an analysis of a period, cannot be compared with such a study as G. N. Clerk's "Seventeenth Century."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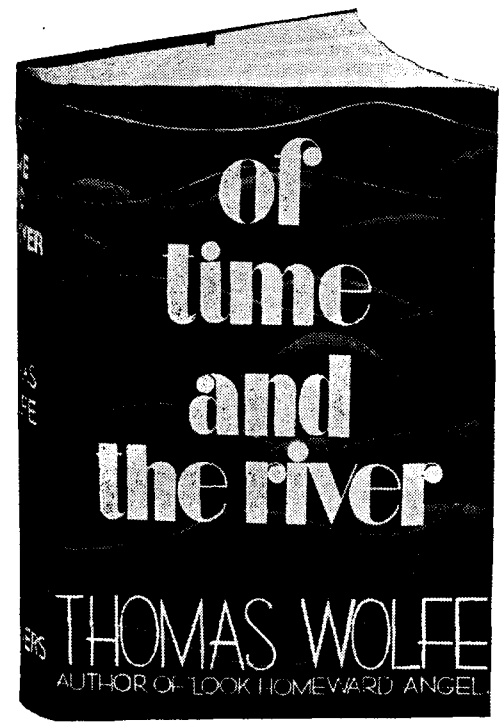


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# Liberal's Progress

*A MAN OF PURPOSE. By Donald Richberg. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co.* $2.

*TENTS OF THE MIGHTY. By Donald Richberg. Chicago: Willett, Clark & Colby.* $2.50.

Reviewed by R. GATEWOOD

IT is said of Disraeli that statesmen thought he was a good author, while authors felt he was a sound statesman. A future generation may pass some such judgment on the literary works of Donald Richberg, who has achieved a unique position in American politics. His specific task is a huge one: to coördinate the various political and economic measures of recovery. These policies are still undetermined, but their background is clearly set forth in his novel, "A Man of Purpose" (first published in 1922 and recently reissued) and his brief autobiography ("Tents of the Mighty," 1930), both written before any but a few progressives had any thought of a New Deal.

Two central themes form the basis of the novel: the emotional perplexities and political adventures of a young lawyer in the Middle West. Harassed by domestic affairs and fascinated, at different ages, by three types of women, Rodney Merrill pursues the phantom of social justice throughout an era where ruthless methods conspire with vested interests to reduce the right of protest to a mockery. As an individual, he is restrained in his desires by a natural idealism and a disinclination to harm the home he had labored to establish securely. As a citizen, his gift of service to his community is rewarded by his nomination to conduct a futile race for the Republican Governorship of Illinois. In both cases, it is "serve or suffer" consequences which will ruin the fabric of an abundant life.

As the book purports to be compiled from papers which arrived "the day after Merrill's disappearance," there is no definite solution of the plot; neither, though it deals with industrial problems, is the book a "proletarian" novel. It is rather an attempt to express the essential difficulties which were current in the post-war period in the relations between individuals and between groups. The main characters are vitally portrayed, however, and there is an unmistakable veracity in the delineation of political situations.

Mr. Richberg learned much from his fight on the Chicago utilities, as legal adviser to the first Progressive Party, and as counsel for the railroad unions. During these years, he dealt with many prominent men, whose silhouettes he has sketched into the story of his life with more than usual insight: Insull, La Follette, Roosevelt, Wilson, and others. The reaction from the self-sacrifice of the war years did not avail to curb his interest in work that was "worth while." Acting as adviser to the Supreme Court on the valuations of the railroads before the Interstate Commerce Commission, he further familiarized himself with the urgencies of conciliating divergent economic groups, and, as chairman of the Resolutions Committee at the Progressive convention of 1924, he wrote parts of a platform which are true prophecies of actual legislation; furthermore, unlike his defeated hero, he was able to embody part of his purpose in a concrete achievement: the Railway Labor Act of 1926.

In these books is reflected the transition from professional altruism to administrative competence, from an emotional desire for "good" government to an understanding of the basic factors in American society, which largely explains the thirty years between Roosevelts. This spirit is the lineal descendant of a liberalism whose illusions were lost in 1914-1918, but whose desire for a complete faith, with which to interpret experience, has survived unimpaired. It is a belief grounded in a respect for law—which, it may be observed, Mr. Richberg has reaffirmed in a recent interview—not for law as a police power, an absolute, however, but as an instrument of social adjustment. There is, in this viewpoint, no theory of a structure to be imposed upon the mass of citizens: it is empirical in essence, relying on experiment to prove hypotheses. In such a spirit, Mr. Richberg could write in 1930, when prosperity was just disappearing "around the corner":

> . . . in a few thousand years, there will be a world wherein the authority of members of the governing classes will rest upon their knowledge and use of natural laws in creating social controls that cannot profitably be evaded, or modified, or held unconstitutional; and that will operate equitably upon all persons and at all times. . . . In such a day there might grow, out of our present spreading commercial empires, a group of industrial republics within our national boundaries, which would so dominate our politics that democratic government might have a new birth in state and nation.


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# The New Books

## Biography

*GENERAL GEORGE BRINTON McCLELLAN. By William Starr Myers. Appleton-Century.* 1934. $5.

Unquestionably sound in its scholarship, although perhaps a trifle too much inclined to depend in the Bancroft manner upon the worth of manuscript material to the exclusion of equally valuable data already in print, Mr. Myers's book should take front rank immediately among the personal biographies of American war leaders. It is "primarily a study of McClellan the man" and thus very scant in its accounts of campaigning and manœuvering, even in revelation of the training methods by which McClellan created that superb organization, the Army of the Potomac. Yet the author perhaps does well to eschew the military and to concentrate on the individual. By apparently sound selection from contemporary records, actually preserved and possibly cherished by McClellan himself, Mr. Myers has painted a consistent picture of a man sound in his thinking, undoubtedly loyal in his motives, yet without that saving grace of adjusting logic to actual conditions.

So beset was McClellan with the certitude of his correct thinking, that he was considered impertinent by his superiors and fanatically single-minded by his colleagues. Nor are these occasional outbursts of a mind made frantic by the press of circumstance. As Professor Myers so ably shows, the defects which militated against really superior leadership on the part of this outstanding general, were ingrained traits of character, evident in his youth, evidenced in a multitude of transactions of greater or less importance. Courteous in his manner, sincere in his convictions, "logically right, but politically wrong," McClellan is portrayed as a man who was almost truly great. Not a military or political history, not a mere selective psychograph after the manner of Gamaliel Bradford, this is a true biography. In it its subject lives as truly as if we met and talked with him. And, lest we omit to state so important a point, it is human in its viewpoint and absorbingly interesting.

E. C.

## Fiction

*MEN NEVER KNOW. By Vicki Baum. Doubleday, Doran.* 1935. $2.

This book may be confidently recommended to servant girls, and more generally to all women who, with less excuse, go to novels for ready-to-wear wish-fulfilments. The heroine is a woman who is presented without any very positive attractions: our chief guide to her appearance is the statement (on the fourth page), "She was not the sort of girl to make a man think at once of going to bed with her—that came later, after the first kiss"; and as a housekeeper she appears to have Dora Spenlow's inefficiency without Dora Spenlow's charm; so that no woman need fear that she is presumptuous in identifying herself with her. But this Evelyn not only has a husband, "a superior kind of judge," and two children, but a lover, a rich American whom she meets casually on Tuesday, who discovers that he is in love with her on the following Tuesday, who asks her on Wednesday to come to Paris for a week-end, and who on Friday welcomes her to Paris; and more even than this, she has a devoted Brangäne of a friend who will cover up her trip to Paris. Evelyn not only does what she wants to do, but she is allowed by her creator to feel herself a rare, almost sacrificial, figure for doing so; the title is explained by her melancholy discovery that her lover "did not seem to have the faintest notion of the tremendous thing it was for her to have left her marriage behind her" (for a week-end). "Men never knew. Not the one you left and not the one you joined." Considering that both she and her friend Marianne were doing a lot of hard lying to keep her husband from realizing the "tremendous thing it was" that she was doing, this seems rather unnecessarily severe at least on the one she left; but it serves to give her readers the pleasure of being misunderstood as well as of committing adultery.

For readers who ask more than these vicarious delights, however, Fräulein Baum seems to promise more than she fulfils. The technique is novel: the action covers four days, and each of these days is related from the point of view first of the lover, then of the wife, then of the husband. Sometimes two or all three of these characters are together, sometimes not; so that in places the same action is related more than once, from different standpoints, explaining the motives of speeches which before were only heard. This, though it runs the risk always of becoming cumbersome, might be an extremely interesting method, rather in the manner of "The Ring and the Book," of revealing character—if there were characters that needed revealing by such complex means; but there are none so subtle in the book.

B. D.

*HER SOUL TO KEEP. By Ethel Cook Eliot. Macmillan.* 1935. $2.

The story of Jane Carmon is one of inflexible moral aptness and courage; the first quality is to be found in Jane herself, the second in her foster mother, Lucia Rue. From her childhood, Jane was given no measure of love in family ties. Her parents were restless people; during sojourns in Europe their child was entrusted to other hands. When Jane was twelve she found herself in the home of Mrs. Rue; death had claimed her parents.

The setting is a college town. Jane is now twenty; a young man, an architect, is in love with her. Without proper parental training Jane succumbs to the overtures of a married man. Her life is in the balance: can she withstand the barrage of wagging tongues, can she salvage anything for herself and her unborn child in a world of hypocrites and gossips?

It is at this moment that Lucia Rue displays an instinctive courage and insight which are to save the day; her love permeates the camps of the smug like a wave from the sea erasing footsteps.

In a small college town where everyone's business is public business, Jane Carmen, in her trouble, has need of the extraordinary wisdom and understanding afforded her by her foster mother. Jane, absorbed in her painting, did not bear the full brunt of Society's condemnation; Lucia did. "Her Soul to Keep" is the history of that sacrifice. The novel is marked by a well-handled, sensitive style. It moves smoothly and with a sturdy logic inherent to the story. In it are all the ingredients of a problem novel; that it does not warrant this label speaks eloquently for the sheer good taste of the author.

K. P.

*THE ABBEY OF EVOLAYNE. By Paule Régnier. Harcourt, Brace.* 1935. $2.

Although in recent years there has been a distinct tendency in France to break away from the conventions of the novel of sentiment, with its analysis of the eternal triangle, few books have been as free of sentimental complications as Mme. Régnier's "The Abbey of Evolayne." It presents a tense and desperate struggle of emotions, with husband and wife as the protagonists, but the enemy of their marital happiness is a far stronger and more powerful one than the usual Tertium Quid. It is, in fact, no less an institution than the Catholic Church which separates them, and at last causes the unhappy wife to kill herself.

Michel Adrian, a successful Paris surgeon, and his wife Adelaide stay for a few days in the lovely but mournful Ardennes country, near the Benedictine Abbey of Evolayne. Through the instrumentality of a former friend who has become a monk, Michel's faith is reawakened, and he comes to feel a strong desire to enter the priesthood. Anxious to make him happy, his wife convinces herself that she, too, has felt a vocation, and is called to be a nun. Eventually their marriage is dissolved; he enters the monastery, and she a nearby convent. But after a time it becomes evident that her love for him is greater than her vocation. Unable to win him back, and equally unable to endure life without him, the miserable woman finally takes poison, dying after a prolonged agony which is witnessed by her former husband.

While the problems raised by this singularly distressing case are not, perhaps, of general interest, the author has treated her subject with intense logical concentration and much sober power, so that in the end the elements of unreasonable fanaticism are lost sight of, and the husband's abandonment of his wife takes on the significance of true tragedy. This success is the greater in that it is achieved in spite of a good deal of pedantic and precious argument on the part of those concerned. In addition, the fact that the book is entirely devoted to this exercise in the higher theological mathematics,

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with little or no element of relief, is not likely to increase its popularity. But it is an excellent and convincing performance within these limits.

It may be noted that this book comes to us approved by the Church, though it not infrequently diverges from the standpoint of absolute dogma in judging the troublesome question of vocations, as well as the even more difficult one of suicide. And surely Mme. Régnier's portrait of Dom Athanase, the friend and spiritual director of the Adrians, who is in many ways responsible for their tragedy, is not without its note of bitter satire.

T. P., JR.

*OLLIE MISS. By George Wylie Henderson. Stokes.* 1935. $2.50.

Of black sinning sisters the reading world has surely had enough, but George Wylie Henderson in his "Ollie Miss" has drawn a character more remarkable because of her integrity than her sins, who as a plow hand and belle on the farm of Alex and Caroline somewhere in the Deep South possesses the vitality of a true human being and gives that vitality to her story.

Mr. Henderson is not preoccupied with chronicling promiscuity but with creating a world and the characters in it. He has succeeded with a fine dramatic quietness in making real for his readers the good, black world of Alex's farm to which Ollie wandered out of the darkness bringing with her her desire for Jule, whom too many other women wanted, and so insuring the drama that grew in the farm's routine of work and play.

The company of characters in "Ollie Miss," Ollie herself, big, laconic, self-reliant, and desirable, and good Alex and garrulous Caroline, puzzled Slaughter and delighted Willie, and critical Nan who can't get a man of her own, make it a book which should be ranked high among the growing list of novels about the Negro. Other black belles came earlier to public notice and public approval but no reader of American literature will find anywhere a more veracious, more vital character than this Ollie whom Mr. Henderson has drawn both in wise understanding of the Negro and in the wisest craftsmanship which makes life out of words.

J. D.

## History

*GRIM JOURNEY. By Hoffman Briney. Minton, Balch.* 1934. $2.50.

The tale here unfolded is perhaps the most graphic narrative of human sufferings in all the annals of frontier America. The Donner Party, whose events it records, was organized in late July, 1846, on the present site of Farson, Wyoming. From the start its venture was ill-starred. Wishing to reach the promised paradise of upper California without untoward delay, George Donner, its leader, elected to follow a new route south of the Great Salt Lake, instead of the established immigrant trail along Mary's River. Mr. Briney's description of the march across the Great Salt Lake Desert is powerful in its effect upon the reader. Less spectacular perhaps, but even more moving is the story of the horrible winter at Truckee's Lake—men, women, and children forced to cannibalism, dying of sheer despair—a story unrelieved in its ghastliness. Of eighty-nine people setting out on the great venture westward, forty-two died on the way. It is a chronicle of suffering, death, heroism, and grandeur on an almost incredible scale.

K. P.

*THE SPANISH CONQUISTADORES. By F. A. Kirkpatrick. Macmillan.* 1934. $4.

This, the most recent volume in the well-known series called The Pioneer Histories, maintains the high standard of scholarship set by its predecessors. Mr. Kirkpatrick has a literary style both delightful and clear, so that when he takes us rapidly through long stretches of time and over a vast variety of terrain, at the same time presenting to us a long series of personalities, we are neither wearied nor confused.

In the twenty-seven chapters of this book we are shown the chief facts and the major events connected with the inception of Spanish rule in all those portions of America which became the overseas estate of the Kings of Castile. The treatment is not strictly chronological; instead, and wisely, it deals with the beginnings of cycles of conquests and carries each cycle to a conclusion. The most satisfying chapters in the book which, as a whole, is so conspicuously satisfactory, are those which describe the less often studied parts of South America — that is, Chile, The

(Continued on next page)

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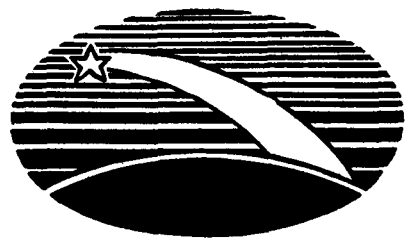

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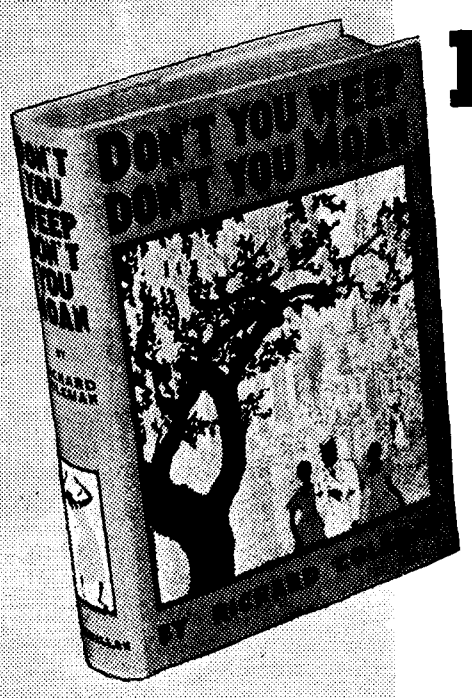


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# The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

### THE WAR AND FICTION

J. T. S. of New York City, *who has himself contributed much to the factual literature of the war, wishes to carry his studies into the incidence of the struggle upon the fiction and belles lettres of post-bellum years.*

TO draw up anything like a complete or even an extensive list of the works which have been colored by the conflict or which refer to it frequently or use it as background for their psychological characterization would be a herculean and impossible task. (As a matter of fact, no task was impossible to Hercules, was it?) Indeed, to attempt to do more than enumerate some of the outstanding novels in which the Great War plays the part of protagonist would fill the columns of the Clearing House for more weeks than the already overburdened space at my disposal would permit, so I shall confine myself to a comparatively brief list of novels and send J. T. S. a letter with further suggestions in belles lettres.

First among the war novels is that group of books which, struck off either while its participants were still under the violence of the emotions evoked, swept through edition after edition and perhaps more than any others will recreate for the historian of the future the temper of the war years. In this category belong Barbusse's UNDER FIRE (Dutton), H. G. Wells's MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH (Macmillan), Ibáñez's FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE (Dutton), Ian Hay's THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND (Houghton Mifflin), C. E. Montague's FIERY PARTICLES (Doubleday, Doran), and John Dos Passos's THREE SOLDIERS (Doubleday, Doran). Here emotion was not recollected in tranquillity but in all the quickness of gruelling experience. No less vivid than they, and in some instances even more bitter since the years of peace had begun to make more tragically evident the futility of war, were such books as Erich Maria Remarque's ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT (Little, Brown), deservedly one of the greatest successes among war books and possibly of them all the work which most completely portrayed the life of the soldier in its various aspects, Roland Dorgelès's WOODEN CROSSES (Putnam), a painful depiction of the actualities of trench warfare, Richard Aldington's DEATH OF A HERO (Doubleday, Doran), in which the bitter disillusionment of the soldier returned from the front to a country apparently oblivious of the ends for which he had fought becomes at times almost hysterical, the Rumanian Riviu Rebreanu's THE FOREST OF THE HANGED (Duffield), a chronicle of a Transylvanian soldier conscripted into the Austro-Hungarian army and eventually hanged for desertion, and Arnold Zweig's THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA (Viking), a tragically beautiful story of a Russian prisoner caught in the German advance into Russia. In Ernest Hemingway's A FAREWELL TO ARMS (Scribners) war and love fuse into the sort of novel which is likely to hold its place independently of the special interest which attaches to it as a portrayal of the Italian battleground.

Three series of tales stand out as of special interest, Romain Rolland's A SOUL ENCHANTED (Holt), in which in the first volume, PIERRE AND LUCE, young love meets disaster when its boy and girl lover are killed by a shell from the Big Bertha, in the second, CLERAMBAULT, in the person of a professor hounded to death for his defeatism Rolland sets forth many of his own experiences and points of view, and in the last, MOTHER AND SON (Boni), the war itself is dealt with; Ford Madox Ford's sequence, the first two volumes of which SOME DO NOT and NO MORE PARADES present a panorama of England in the years preceding and during the war, the third, A MAN COULD STAND UP, deals with the armistice, and the last, LAST POST, with the peace, and R. H. Mottram's THE SPANISH FARM TRILOGY (Dial), consisting of THE SPANISH FARM, SIXTY-FOUR—NINETY-FOUR, and THE CRIME AT VANDERLYNDEN'S.

In lighter vein than any of the foregoing novels are such books as André Maurois's delightfully witty THE SILENCE OF COLONEL BRAMBLE (Appleton) and Havšek Jaroslav's THE GOOD SOLDIER SCHWEIK (Doubleday, Doran), a hilarious satire on the Austrian empire and army which was said at the time it appeared to have caused wholesale disaffection among the Czech troops among whom it was secretly circulated. Edith Wharton's THE MARNE (Appleton) and Dorothy Canfield's HOME FIRES FROM FRANCE (Holt) and her later THE DEEPENING STREAM (Harcourt, Brace) were tales of the war in which American women resident in France during its waging portrayed especially the responsibilities it threw on women and the toll it took of their moral strength.

I cannot do more than rush hastily through a few more titles, books such as SCHLUMP: THE STORY OF AN UNKNOWN SOLDIER (Harcourt, Brace), the record of a young German infantryman during the war; COMPANY K (Smith & Haas), by William March, a book as realistic in its portrayal of life in the trenches as ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT; JOURNEY'S END (Stokes), by Robert C. Sheriff and Vernon Bartlett, a novel made from the play which theatre audiences voted so terrifying and effective; Graham Seton's THE PLAN and THE GOVERNOR OF KATTOWITZ (Cosmopolitan), the first, a picture of Germany in the days of battle, and the second of the Polish frontier after the war; Edward J. Thompson's THESE MEN, THY FRIENDS (Harcourt, Brace), with for background the Mesopotamian campaign and the occupation of Bagdad; Paoli Monelli's TOES UP (Stokes), a story which is virtually the reminiscences of the author's experiences on the Italian front; A. P. Herbert's THE SECRET BATTLE (Doubleday, Doran), a tragic tale of cowardice and punishment, set in Gallipoli; Peregrine Ackland's ALL ELSE IS FOLLY (Coward-McCann), which reflects the point of view of one section of the Canadian Expeditionary Force; Richard Aldington's ROADS TO GLORY (Doubleday, Doran), short stories of the war and its aftermath; Georges Duhamel's NEW BOOK OF MARTYRS and CIVILIZATION, 1914-1918 (London: Heinemann), both scenes of hospital life; William Faulkner's SOLDIER'S PAY (Boni), depicting an American soldier's return to his people; André Chamson's ROUX THE BANDIT (Scribners), which Van Wyck Brooks translated into English and which is the chronicle of a French peasant who refuses to fight in the war and is hunted by gendarmes; Leonard Frank's CARL AND ANNA (Putnam), which appeared in a stage version as well as a novel; H. M. Tomlinson's ALL OUR YESTERDAYS (Harpers), a tale of the world since 1900 and of life in the trenches; Benjamin Valloten's POTTERAT AND THE WAR (Dodd, Mead), and Hugh Walpole's THE DARK FOREST (Doubleday, Doran), the result of the author's experiences with the Red Cross in Galicia.

Finally, to cut a long story as short as possible, there is a group of books centered about post-war problems, and written very frequently in a mood of dejection or despair, which I must add to J. T. S.'s list before bringing it to an inadequate close. These are Robert Neumann's FLOOD (Covici), the annals of a life uneventful up to the period following the war and then become a part of the misery that held Vienna in its grip; William A. Gerhardi's FUTILITY (Duffield), a novel on Russian themes; Bernard Kellermann's THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER (McBride), an indictment of the conditions which war had produced in Berlin society; R. C. Hutchinson's THE UNFORGOTTEN PRISONER (Farrar & Rinehart); René Schickele's MARIA CAPPONI (Knopf), a story playing in the heart of Alsace; Paul Morand's OPEN ALL NIGHT (Boni), which carries its hero through all parts of Europe, and André Maurois's BERNARD QUESNAY (Appleton), reflecting post-war problems in France.

These books which I have mentioned (most of them, as is natural, stemming out of European countries, not out of America) are all to be had in English. They are but a fraction of the many which have been published, but constitute a cross-section of the war fiction at its best. Another list of its length could easily be drawn up. That would undoubtedly contain many titles I ought not to have forgotten to put in this.

# Double-Crostics: Number 50

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

### DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-three words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

### DEFINITIONS

I. 1-173-84-145-23-112-131. Biblical city.

II. 138-45-6-81-14-67. Founder of the Turkish empire.

III. 43-124-56-139-10-35-28-114-161-136. Mentally deficient.

IV. 72-148-119-59-100-3-159-79-122-27-87-143. Freedom (compound).

V. 168-12-42-126-156-95-75-51-120-152-37. To reason logically.

VI. 2-166-41-64-16-115. Final issue; consummation.

VII. 176-77-101-130-26-109-69-8. Disclosure of fact.

VIII. 66-47-24-4-90-48. Perplexing, puzzling.

IX. 118-149-110-165-44-127-57-134-20-34-158. Unbreakable.

X. 31-22-140-15-169-82-98-70-160-29-135-116. The Granite State.

XI. 163-154-30-105-137. Sheets of ice on water.

XII. 175-36-102-76-133-96-151-107. Collateral branch.

XIII. 18-80-5-46-155-142-62. Drumbeat.

XIV. 108-60-86-172-129-38-9-167. Sign of good luck.

XV. 111-141-106-128-39-94-11. Persian feline animal.

XVI. 99-71-61-132-49-52-177-40-33. Theme in Wagnerian opera.

XVII. 153-174-170-117-19-85-104. New England writer (1836-1907).

XVIII. 54-7-125-65-93. Disguise or mask.

XIX. 171-121-144-32-162-13-83-21-103. Gods.

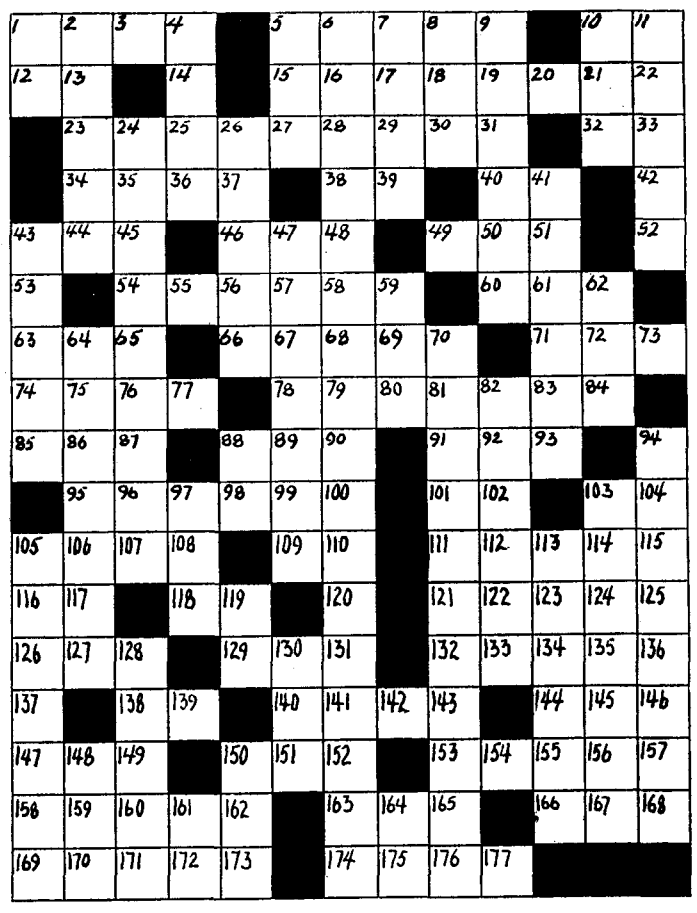
XX. 73-97-91-53-58-63. Burst of laughter.

XXI. 89-78-123-25-92-150. A drink for New Year's Day.

XXII. 17-113-157-164-55-147. Highly seasoned stew.

XXIII. 50-74-88-68-146. A bright fixed star in Perseus.

### WORDS



### SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 49)

WM. BLAKE—"THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL"

What was the sound of Jesus' breath?
He laid his hand on Moses' law;
The ancient heavens, in silent awe,
Writ with curses from pole to pole,
All away began to roll.
The Earth trembling and naked lay
In secret bed of mortal clay.

## The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Spanish Main, and the River Plate region. Although historians of English speech have tended to neglect these important parts of the great epic of Spanish conquest in America, Mr. Kirkpatrick gives them a full and illuminating survey.

The supreme virtue of the book is that it is utterly and invariably fair to the Spaniards. Although there is no tendency to gloss over the many misdeeds of the Conquistadores, there is none of that religious and political virulence which has too often stained the work of English and North American writers. On the contrary, Mr. Kirkpatrick displays a deep and sympathetic recognition of the enormous task performed by Spain and of the high qualities which many among the Spanish adventurers certainly had.

The book contains beautifully drawn maps in black and white. One wishes that Mr. Kirkpatrick, whose work is so obviously based upon profound research, had been rather more lavish with his bibliographical citations.

P. A. W.

## Latest Books Received

### *BELLES LETTRES*

*Spenser's Faerie Queene.* J. Spens. Longmans. $3.40.

### *BIOGRAPHY*

*Sing Sing Doctor.* A. O. Squire, M.D. Doubleday. $2.50. *The Franciscan Père Marquette.* M. A. Habig. New York: Wagner.

### *INTERNATIONAL*

*Hellenic Independence and America's Contribution to the Cause.* H. J. Booras. Rutland, Vt.: Tuttle. *History of American Foreign Relations.* L. M. Sears. Crowell. $3.50.

### *PAMPHLETS*

*A Check List of the Editions of Leonardo da Vinci's Works in College and Public Libraries in the United States.* Compiled M. C. Mabbott. N. Y. Public Library. *You and Your Union.* International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. *How to Conduct a Union Meeting.* International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. *Structure and Functioning of the I. L. G. W. U.* International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. *Introducing Your Union.* International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union. *The Adjustment Service.* J. H. Bentley. American Association for Adult Education. *God's Way for Man.* Ambrose and Anola. Master's Headquarters. *A Parson at Large.* J. Wallace. Springfield, Ill.: Coe. $1. *On the Wane.* O. M. Nelson. Montesano, Wash.: Montesano Pub. Co. $2. *Below the Potomac.* M. N. Bond. Univ. of North Carolina Pr. *Philip Mazzai.* Ed. H. R. Marraro. N. Y. Public Library.

### *REPRINTS*

*The Prince.* Niccolò Machiavelli. Oxford Univ. Pr. World's Classics. 80 cents. *Growth of the Soil.* K. Hamsun. Modern Library. 95 cents. *Limehouse Nights.* T. Burke. McBride. $1.

### *TRAVEL*

***English Villages and Hamlets.*** **H. Pakington. Scribners. $2.75.**

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## PERSONALS

*ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Advertisements must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.*

YOUNG MAN with lyric soul, proud and unconquered appearance and a talent for wise cracks, wishes desperately to get in touch with the young lady with cool blonde hair and tilted blue eyes whom he saw wearing a yellow silk bathing suit on Fifth Avenue last week. Only clue is young man's emotional conviction that her name must be Ernestine. Where are you? Who are you really? Distraught.

YOUNG GIRL thinks she would make good stepmother. Applicants must be young and 5' 11" or more. Professional man or farmer preferred. No salesmen need apply. Box 279-A.

FAR EAST 14th Street, N. Y. C. Snug haven for artist or writer. Light, airy, colorfully furnished 3-room apartment. Sublet April-September (inclusive) $20 month. Box 284-A.

WILL MATURE gentleman, whose sense of humor aids and abets his spirit of adventure, correspond with California "Life Beginner"? Femina.

SOMEWHERE on life's broad highway there must be a cultured, single gentleman who would like to correspond with an attractive woman in the forties. Box 277-A.

"NOT A BRAIN CELL in a carload of skulls." Is your human environment like this? CONTACTS connects the mentally marooned with over 1300 intelligent people, everywhere. Uncommon books loaned free. Send 3c stamp for literature. CONTACTS, Box 91, Station D, New York City.

WANTED: Someone in the comfortable forties to come to the rescue of a professional woman who seeks a masculine point of view to counterbalance a too feminine personal world. Interested in ideas, cooking, books, gardening, the theatre, the outdoors. Southern Californian.

MANUSCRIPTS typed. H. Moran, B.A., 600 West 136th Street, New York City.

IS THERE in Los Angeles a companionable Eastern gentleman (30-40), humorous, interested in books, people and life generally who would care to meet young Eastern woman of similar tastes who finds herself occasional victim of nostalgia? Hopeful.

CALIFORNIA WOMAN, halfway intellectual, considered personable, charming (delightful and rare combination, Sir), with zest for life, laughter, beauty, fineness—desires correspondence with attractive single gentleman, thirtyish, who still believes in moonlight. Wide interests: economics, poetry, Vienna waltzes. Elanceé Mignonne.

IS THERE a young man about twenty-three, unmarried, to help this summer in small progressive group on farm in Maryland? No salary. Sailing, riding, music. Possibly winter tutoring job. Eastern shore. Box 278-A.

FIRST EDITIONS. Any Donn Byrne, Cather, Morley, J. C. Powys items, mint condition, reasonable price, you want to sell? Box 280-A.

JOAN: 'Tis rare to find an unsophisticate. I try to be interesting and intelligent. Box 281-A.

WANTED—Responsible position with college bookstore. Woman, aged forty, reliable, well-educated. Six years' experience buyer-manager college text and trade book department. References supplied and required. Box 282-A.

WANTED! Schoolmarm (jewish) late *thirties*, seeks *rest, spring vacation*, with quiet, refined, small family—country. References. Box 283-A.

## CLASSIFIED

### BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

### BOOKS ABOUT RUSSIA

BOOKS ABOUT RUSSIA IN ALL languages, books on Russian Art our specialty. Research work in Russian art, handicraft, literature and history. Also Russian posters, postcards and Russian picture books for children. Mail order service. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

# The Compleat Collector

## RARE BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

***In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Fine Printing and is conducted by Carl Purington Rollins.***

### Ultimate Worm-Turn

THERE is no little gray home in the West for the bookworm. The Huntington Library has taken him up scientifically. During the past year, according to the library's recently issued seventh annual report, some 45,000 units in the superb repository at San Marino—books, maps, newspapers, and manuscripts—were put through the fumigation chamber and emerged sterile.

The report discloses that "the pest was not confining its ravages to old volumes but was attacking comparatively modern books as well." The bookworm, it appears, long infamous as no respecter of age, is equally no respecter of youth. Or of any other attribute. A few months ago a modest but competent New York expert was called upon (not, it should be added, by the Huntington Library) to inspect a collection of books which were alleged to have suffered severely at the hands (or is it the jaws?) of *anobium pertinax* or one of his burrowing brethren. The lady who owned the books bestowed on the expert a look that was designed to burrow through him.

"You are not an authority in these matters," she asserted. "You are not accustomed to handling treasures of such value—you are a mere junk-dealer."

"Madam," retorted the expert equably, "that could be, but I have never heard it said that a bookworm made any distinction between a ten-thousand-dollar book and a ten-cent book."

Certainly no such distinction is made at the Huntington Library. Indeed, without knowing too much about it, I assume that the afflicted modern book is hustled into the operating room ahead of the rest, since it must offer a more fertile feeding- and hence breeding-ground than its sturdy forebears.

Not even the Huntington experts, however, have yet been able to devise a lethal chamber for the occupancy of human bibliophagi. A single picker-up—or, worse, a dropper-down—of a considerable trifle can inflict vast damage, but the accumulated caresses of a thousand reverers of a unique Elizabethan quarto, no matter how tender their ministrations, can do as much hurt. The solution of the difficulty is the photostatic copy, of which the Huntington has more than two thousand—that is, *books*, exclusive of broadsides, letters, and comparable pieces the photomechanical reproduction of which involves little more difficulty than the taking of a snapshot.

Now the photostating of a rare book may appear at first glance to strike a root blow at collecting, if one takes the position, as many of us do, that the true collecting spirit has its basis in sentiment. But a great research library properly has no room for sentiment. Behind its array of glass cases and special exhibits it is a beehive of scholarly endeavor, and scholars, at all events while they are endeavoring, have to be as unemotional as dentists or three-cushion billiard players. A photostatic facsimile serves the scholar's purpose as well as the original—even better, because if his fountain pen inadvertently lives up to its name he can blot the maculations and go right on investigating without fear of thrombosis. If the investigator's specialty is paper or type, or if he is trying to solve such a bibliographic puzzle as the impression of the "Finis" in the first edition of Gray's "Elegy," he has a logical reason to view the original, and in such a library as the Huntington his logic will be respected and reciprocated.

The photostatic reproduction of a rarity is not in actual fact the body-thrust at sentiment which it seems. On the contrary, the practice heightens and haloes the emotional quality inherent in the original. It takes the original out of the laboratory and enshrines it in the cathedral. Obviously the quantity of rarities which are likely candidates for reproduction has an appreciable limit—a limit pretty much determinable by the figure the units would bring if by some miracle they could regravitate to the auction room. Most of them are books which the average bibliophile gladly relinquishes to the skilled custodianship of the institutional collection.

### Current Notes

Books and autographs from the libraries of Charles MacAllister Willcox, John Myers O'Hara, and W. K. Bixby, with other properties, will be sold at auction at the American Art Association Anderson Galleries March 13th and 14th following their public exhibition from March 8th to the time of sale. The five-hundred lots represent miscellany of an unusually high order, including "Tom Sawyer" in first issue, the three Syntax tours, an abundance of Eugene Field letters and manuscripts, a leaf from the Gutenberg Bible, a group of Jack London presentation copies, Masefield from "Salt-Water Ballads" to "The Hawbucks," numerous Maugham firsts (many inscribed), original Rackham drawings, a first "Gulliver," and the London "Lyrical Ballads."

The Report of the Librarian of the John Brown Library for 1933-34 appears in the usual small but choice pamphlet format which has characterized these reports since 1911. The accessions for the year amount to only 156 titles, but most of these are rare and desirable additions to a library small enough and limited enough to be unusually interesting.

Announcements of new books include: "Bierce and the Poe Hoax," by Carroll D. Hall, by the Book Club of California; "Vigils," by Siegfried Sassoon, 12 gns., Douglas Cleverden, Bristol, England.

"How I Make a Wood Cut," by Rockwell Kent, has been written for Enjoy Your Museum Series, and is issued in a first edition of 1,000 copies as a small, board bound book at 80 cents. It has been suitably printed by Ward Ritchie of Pasadena, California, and illustrated with five of Mr. Kent's wood blocks.

## CLASSIFIED

### BOOK BARGAINS

CODE JEWISH LAW: COMPLETE ENGLISH TEXT; 560 pages, $2.50 postpaid. Free Bargain catalogues. Bookshop, 850 Longwood Ave., New York.

### FIRST EDITIONS

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS, CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNES, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

BUYING BOOKS OF REAL MERIT does not mean speculation. First Editions in fine condition. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Ave., New York.

NEW CATALOGUE OF MODERN FIRST EDITIONS. HOUSE OF BOOKS, Ltd., 555 Madison Avenue.

### FRENCH BOOKS

FRENCH BOOKS OF ALL FRENCH PUBLISHERS, over 500,000 in stock. All Rare, Unusual Editions. LOWEST PRICES. Big Mail-CATALOGUE 20c (stamps). Wholesale prices to Libraries and Schools. FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, "New York's LARGEST French Bookshop."

### LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY Agent. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. THE WRITER'S WORKSHOP, Inc., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

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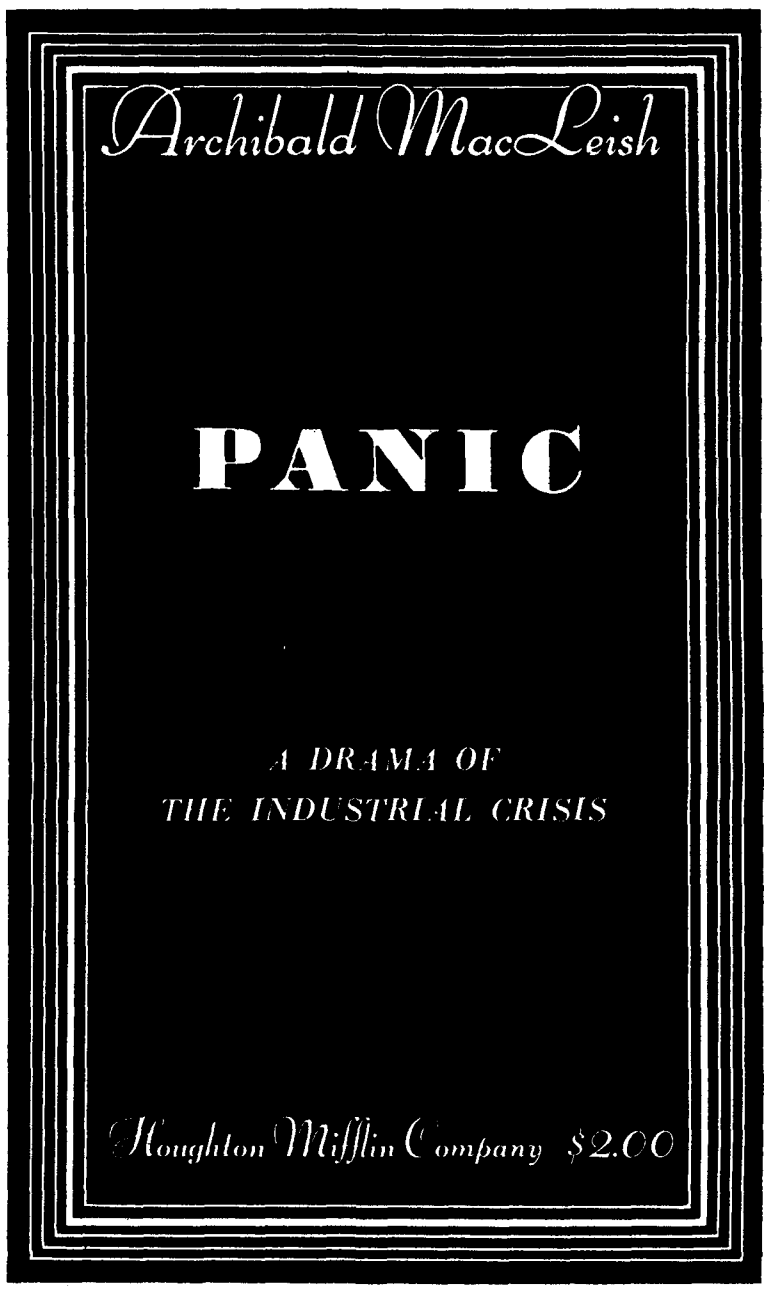
STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS Marketed, criticized, edited, revised; personal help in placement and publication. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 West 42nd Street, New York.

### OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

FORMER LIBRARIAN specializes pleting libraries, also procuring out-of- books, reasonably. Rosen, 410 Riv Drive, N. Y. C.

DAY'S BOOK SERVICE, Summit, N. J. Buy books from day to day.

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*. . . the man of the hour:*
WILLARD KIPLINGER, *author of*
INFLATION AHEAD!—WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT

By the grace of The Forgotten Reader and the cooperation of the bookstores it has occasionally been the privilege of your correspondents to witness a best-seller stampede. None in their experience has exceeded the clamor which, as these lines are written, is turning the tranquil precincts of *The Inner Sanctum* into a motion picture director's idea of a city room on election night. The furore is caused by *Inflation Ahead!—What To Do About It*, the new book by WILLARD KIPLINGER, editor and publisher of the celebrated *Kiplinger Washington Letters*, and FREDERICK SHELTON, noted analyst of governmental and business trends.

Publishers are frequently asked why a given book becomes a best-seller. Usually there are too many variable factors to justify a single dogmatic answer. But here is one case where even the publisher is sure, for *Inflation Ahead!* is a "natural," because it is authoritative disinterested, realistic, and so timely that it was literally brought up to date while Supreme Court Justice Hughes was still delivering his historic gold-clause opinion, and so urgently demanded by the financial world, the book stores, and the general public that it was necessary to establish a new record for high-speed book manufacturing and literally produce it overnight.

*Inflation Ahead!* is addressed to a broad general public, who will find in it the this-means-me answers to their persistent questions about present perplexities and future financial adjustments.

OGDEN NASH quatrains apostrophizing *The Primrose Path* are still pouring in. With great glee your correspondents award first prize (consisting of a first-edition copy of that noble book, inscribed by the immortal OGDEN NASH himself, as only OGGIE can inscribe) goes to Mr. LLOYD G. SEIDMAN, of Montgomery Ward and Company, New York, for the *following:*

People who, by the grace of God, can turn
out books as hilariously funny as "The
Primrose Path"
Should automatically be rewarded with the
order of the Bath.
As a matter of fact, it brings our troubled
land so much fun and jollitay,
That's its publication date should be pro-
claimed a Nashional Holiday.

NEWS!

On Monday's nation-wide best-seller-list summary in *The New York Times* are three *Inner Sanctum* books ranked in first place in three different cities: *The Primrose Path*, by OGDEN NASH, setting the pace in Philadelphia . . . *Farewell to Fifth Avenue*, by CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR., leading in Atlanta . . . and *Balletomania*, by ARNOLD HASKELL, which is keeping the book-sellers, book-buyers, and *Nijinsky* devotees of New Orleans on their toes. ☛ Reviewers generally agree that *Ships—And How They Sail The Seven Seas* is HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON at his best. ☛ *The Primrose Path* is getting A PLUS critical acclaim and A PLUS reader-reaction, but last week it sold only 472 copies . . . "Not enough!," cry your correspondents. ☛ Your correspondents announce the inauguration of a new series of ESSANDESS communiques, to be known as "*An Informal Letter To The Friends Of The Inner Sanctum.*" ☛ It will be sent forth somewhat spasmodically from 386 Fourth Avenue, New York, by SIMON AND SCHUSTER, who, until they have as many free hours as they have congenial correspondents, must perforce use this form of encyclical to extend their greetings, proclaim their publications, declare their enthusiasms, lament their disenchantments, and convey sundry intelligence of the world of books to all their fellow traffickers-in-words. ☛ Any readers of this column (come out, come out, wherever you are!) who wish to receive this *Informal Letter To The Friends Of The Inner Sanctum* without cost or obligation, are invited to send their names and addresses to

ESSANDESS.

# Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Something started Esurient Quercus thinking about Oysters: why has he had so few this season? He really must stop in at one of those Gateway bars (there's one right here on 45th Street) run by our colleague The Union News Company. Their uniforms marked UNCO always look so pleasantly Scotch. ☞A world that contains oysters, white wine, the French language, the writings of Pearsall Smith, well polished pewter, and the spire of the Garden City Cathedral lit up on a snowy night by floodlights concealed in the shrubbery, has much to be said for it. ☞ Some literary zealots once affixed a tablet to a tree behind that cathedral, commemorating the publication of a book; it has never been learned who subsequently stole it. ☞Q. was pleased by the delightful little bookplate designed by F. W. Goudy for Miss Fanny Borden, librarian of Vassar College, in honor of her 25th anniversary. Among the Vassar Library's treasures is the collection of Goudiana given to the college by Mitchell Kennerley. ☞Old shortsighted Q., catching sight of a headline in the train, thought with amazement that the N. Y. *Times* had gone candid about Florida. He read it as:

STINGING FLIES
CURSED AT MIAMI

He put on his glasses and found it said:

STUNTING FLIERS
CURBED AT MIAMI

☞While Henry M. Snyder is selling books in Hawaii his associate W. S. Hall has sailed for Europe to investigate the Continental and Scandinavian market for U. S. publications. ☞Mr. Hall told us that two bookshops he specially hopes to visit are the famous one in Helsingfors, once described by J. C. Squire as the best in the world; and Arthur Rogers's in Newcastle-on-Tyne. ☞We often wonder if anyone tries to sell Mr. Rogers books by G. D. H. and Margaret Cole. ☞Rogers's latest catalogue lists a remarkable collection of books from Gibbon's library at Lausanne; and quotes Gibbon's glorious remark about one of the Caesars:—"22 acknowledged Concubines and a library of 62000 volumes attested the variety of his inclinations; and from the products which he left behind him, it appears that the former as well as the latter were designed for use rather than ostentation." ☞As Pearsall Smith once wrote, "People say that life is the thing, but I prefer reading." ☞Delighted to learn, from Orientalia, 59 Bank Street, that that exquisite little essay in social harmonics, *The Book of Tea* (by Okakura Kakuzo), continues to sell. In Orientalia's catalogue we note that Vincent Sheean (whose *Personal History* has been so agreeably commended) translated from the French Gervais: *Medicine Man in China;* and that the distinguished mathematician David Eugene Smith is the author of a metrical version of Omar Khayyam. ☞Studio Publications, 381 Fourth Avenue, marks the approach of spring with its annual volume *Gardens and Gardening*, edited by F. A. Mercer, and (like all Studio books) magnificently illustrated. ☞There is much of interest in Claude Jones's reprint, with introduction and notes, of Smollett's little known *Essay on the External Use of Water* (1752). It is now issued by the Johns Hopkins Press. But what specially caught irrelevant old Quercus's eye was the frontispiece—a portrait of Smollett painted by Nathaniel Dance. Was Stevenson familiar with this picture? For (need we remind you?) in *Treasure Island* there is not only Captain Smollett but also Mr. Dance.

☞Critchell Rimington, formerly vice president of The John Day Co., is now editorial director of the Dodge Publishing Co., affiliated with McBride. Dodge has previously issued gift books and prints, and will now announce a general list. ☞Sales of the Modern Library Edition of *David Copperfield* tripled last month. Dodd Mead is getting out an illustrated edition of *David,* with stills from the movie. And we hope Hugh Walpole's books are doing well, too. ☞The March issue of Charles F. Heartman's *American Book Collector* (Metuchen, N. J.) uses a letter from A. Edward Newton as its editorial. The sagacious Caliph Newton remarks: "Early in my collecting experience I made it a rule never to put a book on my shelves until it was paid for. Until any purchase was completed I kept the item in my office safe; when I put it on my library shelves it appeared as a friend and not as a creditor."

☞*The Broadcaster*, published occasionally by the lively staff of the Los Angeles Public Library, is always good reading. Its most recent issue, after a friendly remark about a recent editorial in this paper, suggests two American writers who keep the L. A. librarians feeling hopeful about the ancient fidelities. This is how the Broadcaster mentions them:—

> One is a quiet sad-faced young chap who can write of foolish people without hating them. Robert Nathan. The other, with a genius for digging up the most unaccountably interesting things about Chaucer, or Coleridge and others whom you had erroneously supposed long since dead. John Livingstone Lowes.

# Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

| *Trade Mark* | *Label* | *Contents* | *Flavor* |
|---|---|---|---|
| OR ELSE A PARK BENCH<br>*Edwin Bateman Morris*<br>(Penn: $2.) | Love Story | Confusion of execution of Hearst-like publicity stunt throws unemployed lad and gal together to run abandoned farm. They don't like each other—at first. | Fresh |
| PAPRIKA<br>*Erich von Stroheim*<br>(Macaulay: $2.50.) | Novel | The movie fella, visualizing his yarn always through a camera, writes one about gypsy pashuns, uniformed and spurred rakehells. Gorgeous orgies. | Rare |
| JORNADA<br>*R. L. Duffus*<br>(Covici-Friede: $2.) | Historical Novel | Absorbing story of covered wagon days in the First Southwest when conflicting schemes for land-grabbing on the big scale furnished plenty excitement. | First Rate |
| HENRY<br>*Carl Anderson*<br>(Greenberg: $1.50.) | Cartoon Album | Collection of those surprising incidents in the life of the preoccupied hairless wonder whose antics have appeared steadily in the *Saturday Evening Post.* | ??? |
| THE WHITE GATE<br>*Warwick Deeping*<br>(McBride: $2.) | Love Story | An early Deeping Cinderella story. | Goo |
| LONG ROPE<br>*Dane Coolidge*<br>(Dutton: $2.) | Western | Mace Bowman and an exhibition roper do their stuff for glory and the gal. | Average |
| ERNESTINE TAKES OVER<br>*Walter Brooks*<br>(Morrow: $2.) | Comic Fantasy | Bored stiff with suburban parties, Mr. Thompson conceives vividly an imaginary affinity—so vividly that she materializes to his embarrassment. | Thorne Smith |

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| Vol. 3 | RATIONALIZATION OF STRUCTURE<br>(In preparation) By A. F. Bemis<br>An explanation of the basis for new structural design. | 4.00 |

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NEXT!

The tonsorial exclamation is the result of sheer exuberance. Which bookshop is going to be the next to start selling *The Saturday Review* to its customers each week? We have been opening new accounts so regularly of late that we can't help wondering. If you're going to be the one, you should write at once for information concerning price, displays, etc., to the BOOKSTORE DEPARTMENT of *The Saturday Review* at 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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